

A PROPOSED MINISTRY OF FISHERIES (Illustrated).
 DEMOBILISING OUR WAR HORSES (Illustrated). By Herbert Pratt.

COUNTRY LIFE

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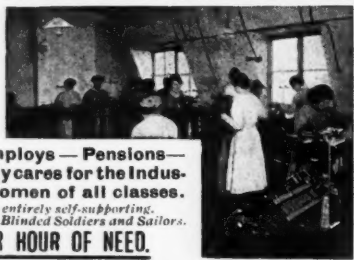
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COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XLIV.—No. 1145.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14th, 1918.

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LALLIE CHARLES.

THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

67, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.

COUNTRY LIFE

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France After the War

IN the rejoicings over victory it would be a pity if the people of this country forgot the realities about the situation in France. Our great and most gallant Ally emerges, it is true, a victor from the fray, but one that is sorely wounded and in great need of rest and opportunity for healing. There was none of the belligerents who could so ill afford the loss of precious lives. For many decades before the war the birth returns for France had been of a most unsatisfactory kind. They showed a decrease in population that seemed to be ominous of the future. But the men, especially those who were the youngest and most gifted, were the first to rush into the fray when hostilities opened. Even in the very early days of the war the list of youthful men of the highest promise in nearly every department of human activity who had forfeited their lives or limbs was appallingly large. Yet they were the very men upon whom the hope of the future was based. To the total of more than half a million dead in battle must be added the loss of many thousands of women and children in the devastated districts. That is one hard fact about France after

the war, that she is crippled beyond expression by the loss of so many of the best of her sons. That alone would be enough to stiffen for her the task that will be hard in every country, of restoring conditions comparable to those existing before the war. Whether Germany will be able to pay the bills formulated against her is a matter that need not be discussed here. Money in itself could never make good the injury received by France. Many of her most substantial losses could scarcely be set forth in pounds, shillings and pence. It is possible to assess the value of a house that has been pulled down or otherwise destroyed. Whether it be a cottage or a château, its money value is ascertainable. And even if it contained, as was often the case, valuable works of art, these, too, have a price. But the injury done to the countryside, the reduction of green and fertile fields to waste, accompanied as it was by the dispersion or deportation of those who were left to till the soil and keep things going, must be incalculable. In the devastated countries there is many a little holding where busy country people made their living for which there is no claimant now. Some of the owners killed in the army, others driven away, the fate of others not ascertained, these lands are held by a Government department till an owner is discovered. But what energy, what labour will be needed to restore these devastated regions to the condition in which they were in 1914. And this has to be accomplished while all that reconstruction of trade and commerce is being carried out in which we are engaged.

When President Wilson arrives in France he may not at first see these truths in their nakedness because of the cordiality and welcome of which he is assured. But a man such as he is, who has meditated much on the effects of war, will not fail in the long run to realise the condition to which France has been reduced. She would need a century of rest to recover. President Wilson, then, may be certain that his plan for establishing a League of Nations will meet with a very sympathetic reception in Paris. The French are as idealistic as the Americans. Yet they also possess vigorous practical sense, and willingly as they will welcome a League of Nations, they, in the meantime, will rejoice in the friendship of Great Britain. It is not the custom of this country to hymn its unselfishness, and the best Englishmen have never attempted to gloss over the fact that our chief reason for going into the war was to be found in the instinct for self-preservation. It was at our shore that the ultimate blow was to be directed, and the instinctive knowledge of that was the true basis and foundation of the Entente Cordiale. The French know this, but they also know that if French had not gone over with his little Army of "Contemptibles," and had they not by miracles of valour and devotion helped to stem the German rush, there would have been little chance of winning the Marne. In the subsequent years of fighting it was the dogged watching of the British Fleet and the equally dogged fighting of the British Army that kept the Germans from making further inroads. But neither two men nor two nations can fight through a war like this without developing a sincere friendship for one another. Sentiment and interest pull in the same direction, and whatever else may happen there is a reciprocal disposition in France and Great Britain to tighten and strengthen the bond between them by means of which the victor of 1870 has become the vanquished of 1918. The foreign policy of the two countries must rest upon this alliance like a city builded upon a rock.

Fortunately there is no point of friction between them. After centuries of antagonism it was a great movement, for which King Edward VII deserves most of the credit, that of bringing the two nations together. Old causes of quarrel had faded away through lapse of time, and there was no clash of interest between them in any part of the globe. Yet until this war began there was not the true understanding of one another which exists now. Warfare has taught, as nothing else could, the two nations to appreciate each other. Their aims in the Peace Conference are bound to be identical.

Our Frontispiece

WE print as frontispiece to this week's issue a portrait of the Duchess of Northumberland, married in 1911 to the eighth Duke, then Earl Percy. The Duchess of Northumberland, who is the youngest daughter of the seventh Duke of Richmond and Gordon, has two sons and two daughters.

* * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.

COUNTRY NOTES



IT was expected, but yet it is entirely satisfactory to know, that the British Army in Germany is conducting itself in full accordance with the tradition established by Wellington. Thus Germans who were frightened to death at the approach of the arch enemy, and who no doubt recalled with misgiving the proceedings of their own men in Belgium and France, appear to be astonished at the manly and self-restrained conduct of the English soldier. No attempt at looting, no insults to women mark his occupation of German soil. *Retro Sathanas* he has replied to the demon of hate invoked by the German Emperor at the beginning of the war, but the officers, on the other hand, have never needed to check any attempt at fraternisation. There is only one exception to the coldness with which the German population is regarded. Tommy is a domestic man and he loves children. On the babes, at any rate, he is not inclined to visit the sins of the fathers, and correspondents tell many pleasant tales of the amusing manner in which the private soldier makes his court to the infant Teuton in a language compounded of a basis of English mingled with the peculiar form of French spoken by the Army and a few unintelligible gutturals which he fondly imagines to be German. Yet though the friendship of the soldier and the enemy child is uncouth, it is pleasant and not open to any objection whatever.

THE Germans themselves are being subjected to a great disillusion. They have sung "The Watch on the Rhine" as though invasion were the most terrible calamity that could befall them, but the reality is something very different from the anticipation. The fact is that the population in town and country have been subjected to such harshness by the extreme revolutionaries that the burgomasters have, in many cases, implored the commanders of the British Army to hasten their advent so that order might be maintained. Thus the crossing of the Rhine by a victorious army is welcomed by those who have dreaded the loss of their goods and lives at the hands of their fellow-countrymen. All the same, the temptation to the British Army must not be thought any the less because it has been resisted. It is not in human nature to forget the provocation given by the Hun—the useless, exasperating cruelties he practised for no apparent reason beyond gratifying the brutish element in his nature. Not only English, Australian and Canadian soldiers, but those of France and America have many causes for taking revenge, and it is greatly to their credit that they set the demands of discipline and manly conduct above those of personal injury.

THE Army and the Navy are the greatest organisations of the Empire, and we are glad to note that while our arm-chair politicians are discussing the features of demobilisation they are taking infinite pains to prepare the men for it. First it was necessary to ascertain the occupations to which men wish to return, and we hear from one regiment at any rate that the proportion of those who have asked to go back and take up the work they left is surprisingly large. In regard to others attention is being paid to fit them for such tasks as they prefer. An officer at the front writes in a tone of pleasant

grumbling that he cannot get home for Christmas because his services are so much needed for the work of education at the front. He has to devote three days in the week to teaching soldiers certain occupations. From what one hears, too, the friendliest interest is taken in the men so as, if possible, to put them a little in advance of the position they held when called up. Thus, such farm labourers as are going back to their work are taught, if they wish it, to drive a tractor engine, so that their value may be increased to the farmer. Our correspondent says that the men are turning to this new training with great zest. They are all long to be back at home, even though they regard the present advance into Germany as a picnic compared with the sort of work they were doing last winter at this time. He thinks they will put a great deal of spirit and energy into the tasks allotted to them when the war is over.

MEANWHILE demobilisation on a partial scale has begun at Wimbledon and other centres in this country. It is not part of the general demobilisation but a setting free of the pivotal men in the home Army who are needed for the reorganisation of various industries. Along with them are workers for other concerns which urgently require labour in the national interest. The method of going about the business is admirable. The soldier gets a furlough of twenty-eight days with pay, ration and family allowances. He is also furnished with an insurance against unemployment for a year from the date of discharge. He leaves behind the heavier parts of his equipment and pack, but he will take in his pocket a railway warrant for his journey home and gratuities which may be due and a protection and identity certificate. Thus every reasonable preparation is made for enabling him to take time to consider so that he may start under the most favourable conditions in the civilian life to which he returns.

TO A MOURNER.

(In time of joy.)

You wept . . . Love blessed that dreary mood,
For humdrum things put on new guise,
Some glimpse of the eternal Good
Amazing your dim eyes.

Now—in your stricken hour, we win . . .
Nor doth your heart of love defer,
Bidding *our* joy to enter in
As its deliverer!

JOYCE COBB.

IF anybody thinks that the armistice terms to Germany were too hard, he would do well to consider the peace terms contemplated in June last by the Germans when they considered that their armies were victorious. They were proclaimed by Count Roon and were published in the *Nachrichten* of Goerlitz. They were that Great Britain was to hand over her Fleet to the Germans, return Gibraltar to Spain, Egypt and the Suez Canal to Turkey, surrender French and Belgian territory, and pay £9,000,000,000. The Germans were to annex Belgium and the entire Flanders Coast, including Calais. They were also to take Briey and Longwys Basins and the Toul, Belfort and Verdun regions. Restitution was to be made of all the German colonies, including Kiao-chau. Great Britain was to cede to Germany such naval bases and coaling stations as the latter desired. Serbia and Montenegro were to be divided between Austria and Bulgaria, and the whole of the war costs of Germany were to be met by America and Great Britain, while France and Belgium were to remain occupied at their expense until the conditions were carried out. This was the programme which the Germans meant to carry out if their March offensive had been successful.

THERE are many suggestions in the rural programme of the British Workers' League which will meet with the approval of all who take an interest in country questions, to whatever party they may belong. In regard to housing, what is said might really come from anybody else. It is pointed out that the County Council is more likely to prove a good housing authority than the Rural District Council, and it is certainly a provision to which we are all agreed that every cottage should have its garden, and allotments should be made attainable by those who desire them. Nor can objection be taken to the proposal that women should sit on the Advisory Housing Committees so that they may educate country women in regard to the advantages of what they call "the up-to-date and scientifically arranged dwelling." Perfectly sound, too, are the provisions in regard to credit. One of these is a suggestion that as

after the war the Treasury will find it hard to meet all demands upon it the Australian system of acquiring land should be carefully considered. Under it the Treasury finds no cash but pays the owner in Government securities redeemable in twenty-five years. An increase in the number of small holdings is asked for and it is suggested that they should be taken from medium-sized farms which are too large for a man to work himself, and too small for a man merely to superintend. In regard to co-operation, the maximum use of the land and the encouragement of an increased agricultural population the programme put forward is practically the same in principle as that which the Government is likely to sanction.

MR. J. H. JONES, Vice-Chairman of the Gloucester Rural Council, has forwarded to us a report of the speech made to that body recently in which he describes the preliminary plans which he has drawn up for rural housing. These strike us as being marked with practicability and good sense. Most of them would apply whatever might be the type of cottage ultimately adopted. The idea in his head, as far as we can visualise it, is to put up about three houses to the acre. They would be built in a block, each of the extremes having three bedrooms and the middle one two, an arrangement for which he gives very good reasons. The liberal allowance of land is to permit of the planting of a little orchard for each cottage. If this were planted with the best fruit trees it is argued that "in twenty years' time the growing up of these trees would save the situation, notwithstanding the heavy cost of building at the present time." In considering sites, he considers the important questions are, first, the water supply; second, the suitability of land for gardens and otherwise; third, accessibility to school, railway station, motor convenience, church and chapel; fourth, opportunities for getting work; and, fifth, land at a reasonable price. A suggestion is made that the last of these conditions might be secured by the simple and speedy method of acquiring sites and fixing prices.

THERE is a warning in the farewell address of Mr. Clynes, the Food Controller, which we hope the public will take to heart. It is that although supplies of food may be expected to increase gradually with the return of peace conditions there is still much need for economy. Beyond question, the article of food which should be most sparingly used just now is milk. Owing to causes that need not be restated, as they are pretty well known everywhere, the supply of milk has fallen very short indeed, therefore it is only right that the greater proportion should be reserved for the use of children under ten years old, for whom it is an ideal and, indeed, a necessary article of diet. Those of greater age must conform to the restrictions now announced confining themselves to a seventh of a pint for breakfast, and half of that quantity for lunch, dinner or tea. We hope that consumers of milk will very cordially support the Government in using it as frugally as possible until the coming of the spring grass produces a greater abundance from the kine.

A STATEMENT appeared in many papers last week and was repeated in the *Times* of Monday to the effect that a commercial air service had already been established between the chief towns in Germany. Postal packets and passengers are being carried, the latter at a rate of about four shillings a mile. Machines can travel about eighty miles an hour and go from Berlin to Munich, Cologne and Königsberg in about four and a half hours. A company is constructing a new large type of aeroplane able to carry forty passengers. This ought to whet the resolution of those who are engaged in promoting a system of commercial flying for the British Empire. A committee has been enquiring into the matter for a long time and has issued a report. This is a most satisfactory document as far as it goes, but what is needed is not reports, but the beginning of an air service, however small. The growth of it may be depended upon to increase automatically as soon as every member of the public is aware that he or she can travel by aeroplane, send a letter or parcel by the same agency at regular hours and a fixed tariff. As soon as the convenience comes to be recognised in one locality the other parts of the country will eagerly take the matter up and develop aerial transport as they did the railway system in its infancy.

THE book of the week for this issue is undoubtedly Millais' *Life of Frederick Courtenay Selous*, but we are delaying a full notice of the book until a friend and fellow sportsman of the hero is able to deal with it. The biography certainly

lacks nothing of romance. Selous was a man with a definite idea. When as a small boy caught sleeping on the bare ground he said he had made up his mind to be a hunter of big-game in Africa and was hardening himself for the purpose. How he carried out this boyish ideal is well known to our readers. He was a hero of heroes before the war broke out, but he crowned a life of adventure by enlisting in the Army when he was well over sixty years of age, and his death occurred on the Continent where he had hunted so often. He was shot dead while adjusting his glasses to try and locate a number of snipers that were picking out individuals of his detachment from a place of concealment in the adjoining woods. He is buried in a remote part of that far country, a little cross alone showing where his body lies. The war has produced no finer example of heroism than his.

THE Board of Agriculture and the country at large are to be congratulated on the appointment of Mr. Lawrence Weaver to act as Temporary Commercial Secretary to the Board. His work, as described by Mr. Prothero in a letter read at the meeting of the Agricultural Seed Trade Associations, will be to attend to all reconstruction measures for the better organisation of the commercial side of agriculture, and he will also supervise the provision of cottages and other buildings on small holdings and farm colonies required for the resettlement of service men on the land. Mr. Weaver has had a long association with this journal and we know that he possesses what is urgently needed for the post to which he has been appointed, namely, a good business head. The creation of settlements for soldiers and the provision of suitable dwellings and out-buildings will necessarily involve a considerable outlay of money for which there will be no immediate return. At the same time it must ever be kept in mind that the permanent success of this new type of small-holder will depend on a sound business organisation. Nothing of this kind can be expected to endure that is not calculated in the long run to produce a livelihood sufficient to maintain a man and his family in decency and comfort. Further, although the country will ungrudgingly consent to the spending of the capital required for a good start, it will do well to insist at the same time on a careful attention to the economy of the proceeding. During war time expense was not a paramount consideration because the great object was winning the war and certain things had to be done whatever the cost. The settling of service men on the land may be likened in a way to planting a field with fruit-trees. Both involve an initial outlay of capital. Land must be acquired, dug, prepared, and the trees themselves purchased. Moreover, experience shows that to do these things by half is not saving in the end. You must have good trees, good cultivation, good drainage before you can expect a good return. The parallel between that operation and settling soldiers on the land draws itself.

WITCHES.

O! there's a street in London town
With houses in a row,
Where folk go walking every day,
But I swear they do not know
That a witch lives there and laughs at them
As up and down they go.

In the land that I come from
That's far and far away,
I learnt a spell that is stronger yet
Than any she can say,
That a white moth flitting by taught me
Between the dusk and day.

O! there's a street in London
With houses in a row,
But the house where dwells my sister witch
Never a soul shall know;
But I nod to her and she nods back
As up and down I go!

JOAN CAMPBELL.

SIR MARTIN CONWAY delivered an uncommonly interesting address to the Royal Geographical Society on Monday night. The subject was Spitsbergen which, he says, we all spell wrongly with a German "z" instead of a Dutch "s." But the point is that the English portion of this northern country is rich in valuable minerals. There are coal deposits, beautiful marbles and iron ores. Before the war claims were

pegged out and a development of the region set going. Now that hostilities are over it will provide a splendid field for profitable enterprise. Sir Martin tells us that the middle area is capable of affording excellent pasturage for reindeer, which might well become the domestic animal to provide the miners with a considerable portion of their sustenance. The eider duck used to breed in large numbers on the rocky shores, and with a little encouragement and protection they may be expected to multiply to something like their ancient number. A close time for the walrus is suggested also. Sir Martin Conway thinks that fifty years would not be too long to enable them to regain their former strength. These, however, are little side shows which can be carried on while the main business would be that of developing the immense mineral resources.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR W. H. BIRKBECK'S account of the provision of war horses for the Army, and the plans for their demobilisation, will be read with intense interest.

The Army comes out with flying colours from its ordeal of collecting and managing the vast number of horses required for military work. Preventive measures kept disease at a minimum, and minute attention curtailed wastage. Of horses belonging to commercial firms, there are generally about 20 per cent. sick or resting, but in our Army in France the highest percentage was twelve and a half. The steps towards demobilisation are treated in the article we publish to-day. They are thoughtfully and well arranged so as to sell the horses to those who need them without producing a glut on the market. Owing to war it has not been uncommon for draught horses to change hands at figures that before the war would have been thought handsome for high-class hunters. To flood the country with Army horses suitable for the same work as these are doing would be unfair, especially as they could be absorbed into industry much more effectually if sold in reasonable instalments. The conditions affecting the sale of those mares ear-marked for producing stock, for which the Government will have an option, are entirely satisfactory.

A PROPOSED MINISTRY OF FISHERIES

SELDOM has a weightier memorandum been placed before the proper authority than that proposing the formation of a Ministry of Fisheries. It was supported so powerfully as to ensure attention. Lord Stradbroke, President of the National Sea Fisheries Association, introduced the deputation, and Admiral Jellicoe, Lord Beresford and the Earls of Selborne and Dunraven sent letters of sympathy. But the main thing is that urgent need was proved for the new arrangement. At present the sea interest is artlessly appended to that of the land. Many people refer to the Board of Agriculture without recollecting, even if they happen to know it, that the words "and Fisheries" are tacked on like an afterthought. The only real connecting link between them is that both are concerned with food production. But there is nothing in common between the methods of growing corn and meat and those for catching and curing fish.

The claims for a Ministry of Fisheries are based mainly on the increasing importance of the industry. Before the war fish production had reached the immense annual total of 23,000,000cwt. It was rapidly increasing, though as retail

prices continued to rise the demand kept well ahead of the supply. How to still further enlarge the latter is the chief object for which the exclusive services of a Minister are required.

In addition, many problems have arisen out of the war. Mr. Prothero readily admitted that some of these require the presence of experts at the coming Peace Conference. Many International questions are connected with our Deep Sea Fishing, and it is not unlikely that a proposal may be made to increase the three-mile limit, which was fixed at a date when sailing boats and line fishing were the vogue. The industry should also be thoroughly well represented before the Demobilisation Committee. Trawlers and their crews played so important a part in the war that only boys and old men were left to carry on the industry. It was crippled in other respects. Frequently it happened that when the fishing fleet was ready to gather a particular harvest of the sea, warning came that certain favourite grounds had to be avoided. They were mined, submarines were lurking near by, or there were other reasons which the Admiralty could not always state. This led to a further limitation of



C. E. Wanless.

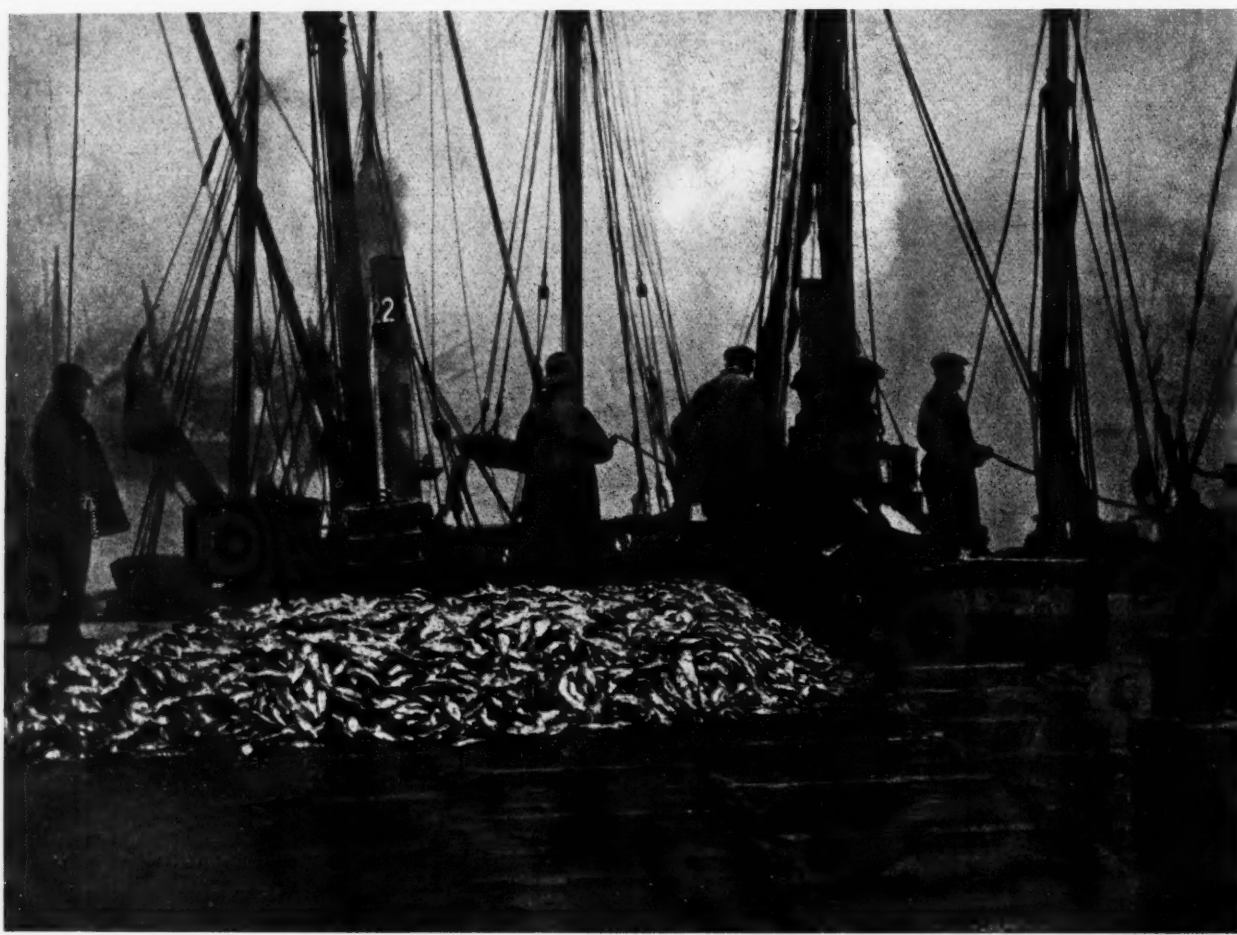
A FISHING FLEET.

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the fishing which had already been diminished by the employment of the biggest and best trawlers for mine-sweeping and kindred purposes. It is needless to dilate here on the splendid war work accomplished by the hardy and daring toilers of the deep, but the 670 vessels lost during the operations must certainly be replaced, and the State must certainly see to it that an industry which gave such valuable help is placed in as favourable a position after the war as it held before. That brings us to the movement for increasing the speed and usefulness of the vessels by fitting them with motor engines, which was going on when hostilities began, and should be promptly resumed. Other Governments recognised the importance of this earlier than our own, and the Scandinavian boats were furnished with this aid to speedier locomotion while our own remained content with sails. Many of the Scottish boat-owners had already begun to furnish their vessels with motor engines before State help was received or even asked for. Steps should be immediately taken or else it will be impossible for this island to obtain its due share of the harvest of the sea. What increases the urgency is that during the partial close time necessitated by war both those fish

prove of good service in the disposal of the surplus when a glut of fish occurred. Half of the difficulty at least arises out of insufficient transport; if its improvement coincided with the installation of the latest and more advanced system for desiccating, pickling or otherwise preserving fish, the irregular advent of an enlarged food supply could not possibly form an insuperable difficulty in the way of letting the public obtain a legitimate benefit from it.

It should not be forgotten that the freshwater interest was well represented on the deputation. One speaker claimed to represent a hundred thousand anglers. From a national point of view the freshwater supply of fish was not considered economically important when the country was under the threat of famine. But it certainly could be developed. Very little serious effort has been made in our day to establish freshwater fisheries for the supply of food; but this, no doubt, would engage the attention of a Fisheries Minister once he were appointed. In one direction he could act immediately. This is in maintaining the purity of rivers. Except in the case of the Thames, where the work is very well done by the Conservancy Board, there are few rivers that would not



W. Selfe.

LANDING THE CATCH AT THE QUAYSIDE.

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which spawn near the bottom and those which do so near the surface have greatly increased in number.

A Ministry of Fisheries might do enormous good by thoroughly organising distribution. Present arrangements are inadequate to deal with a heavy catch or glut of fish. It was scandalous in the highest degree that at a time when every description of food was doubly precious ninety tons of fish had to be condemned at Billingsgate, and there were occasions when the seaside farmer was able to purchase large quantities of sprats and herrings for use as manure. We do not ignore the difficulty of dealing with large irregular supplies, especially when the railway service was curtailed for national reasons and was hard put to it to deal with war-time traffic. But Mr. Prothero evidently had the difficulty in mind when he dwelt on the various means of preserving fish as affording scope and opportunity for the energies of the proposed Minister. Again, a complete service of motor wagons could easily be provided if Government were to allocate a large percentage of the vehicles used in the war to collection and delivery in the rural districts. Light railways more and more recognised as needful for rural development might

react to improvement in this respect. But this brings us to an interesting suggestion made by Mr. Prothero towards the end of his speech. It was to the effect that the appointment of a Ministry of Water would be a more acceptable proposition than that of a Ministry of Fisheries. It is a broad idea well worthy of consideration, although it offers some difficulties. For example, a resuscitation or improvement of our canal service is urgently needed, but opinion is veering round to the view that the most important use to which canals can be put is that of affording a direct connection between inland towns and the sea. Here is a most promising line of development, but one that would be more happily treated from the commercial standpoint than by a Ministry chosen for knowledge of fish and fisheries, how to foster the supply, how to catch fish more swiftly and get them promptly cured or distributed to appropriate markets. It might be very properly argued, however, that these propositions are mainly commercial, and in that case our objection falls to the ground. The subject of water is one of increasing importance to the community, and any Minister appointed to deal with it would have his hands full.



THE HAVEN.



MEMORIALS OF THE FALLEN

BY SIR MARTIN CONWAY.

OUR fallen soldiers in France and elsewhere are for the most part buried where they fell, some scattered about in lonely graves by the wayside or in the midst of field or copse, the most part in cemeteries large and small. The Imperial War Graves Commission has been long and carefully considering how these single graves and cemeteries shall be treated to

the lasting honour of those who sacrificed their lives for the British Empire and the ideals it incorporates. It has been decided that the scattered bodies shall be reinterred together so that the smallest cemetery shall contain at least some fifty graves. Even so the number of cemeteries to be dealt with is very large, five or six hundred in all. The French front is divided into three areas, placed respectively under



THE MEMORIAL ALTAR.

the charge of Mr. Reginald Blomfield, R.A., Sir Edwin Lutyens, A.R.A., and Mr. Herbert Baker. Sir Robert Lorimer is charged with the cemeteries in Italy and around Salonica, while Sir John Burnett will care for those about the Dardanelles and in Palestine.

Each cemetery will be laid out and walled round according to the special circumstances of the site. It is probable that in each there will lie side by side the bodies of men who in life belonged to various religious bodies. Christians, Jews, Mahommedans, Hindus, Chinamen, and representatives of many other creeds and races have been united in death for a common cause, and they must be so commemorated as not to shock the feelings of survivors. At the head of each grave will be an upright stone marked with a cross for Christians, a six-rayed star or Solomon's Seal for Jews, a pile or other appropriate emblem for other religions. These head-stones will be alike for each regiment, but may differ in type between one regiment and another. Each will bear the regimental badge, with the name, rank and unit of the dead soldier, his age, and perhaps some motto or other suitable inscription. Officers and men alike will lie under similar memorials.

Whether a cemetery contains fifty or, as in some cases, as many as twenty thousand graves, it will be furnished with three features: a memorial chamber, an altar, and a monumental cross. The chamber will not be the chapel of any rite, but simply a chamber. It will contain the roll of honour or index to the graves and will be a place of rest and shelter for visitors and mourners.

In the early days of Christianity in England St. Wilfred hallowed the places of his preaching by erecting on each a stone altar and a cross. The altar was not consecrated. It was a mere platform on which a portable consecrated altar could be placed. Any pagan might have used it for ceremonials of his own and it would not thereby have been desecrated. So with the altars which are to be erected, one in each cemetery. The design is by Sir Edwin Lutyens. It is characterised by great simplicity, and depends for its undeniable charm upon good proportions. There is no ornament. The inscription is of the simplest. The priest of any religion can make it the centre of any memorial rite. It should be a monument capable of enduring through long ages even of utter neglect, an altar of Sacrifice which is the essential idea of all altars.

The crosses need not be all alike. I understand that more than one type is likely to be employed. The cross illustrated was designed by Mr. Reginald Blomfield. The Crusader, far from any of the material accessories of mediæval religion, was wont to strike the point of his sword into the ground and kneel before it as before a cross, blade, grip, and quillons together serving for that emblem. It is proposed that on each of these high memorial crosses a sword shall be carved, the sword not thus serving as emblem of the cross, but the cross memorialising in a special sense the service and sacrifice of the dead and the sword indicating its significance.

Such, in brief outline, is a scheme, carefully thought out, which will, no doubt, prove to be generally acceptable. In detail it may receive helpful criticism, but only in detail. Much will, of course, depend upon the way in which it is carried out. The French Government has generously presented to Great Britain the land of the cemeteries in perpetuity. Where our dead lie shall be "for ever England." In years to come our people in large numbers will visit the graves of the fallen to whom the Empire owes, and will always continue to owe, its escape from destruction. They will expect to find them beautifully laid out and reverently tended. These islanded memorials of the Great War should, as the centuries roll by, become ever increasingly the haunts of what then should be an ancient and enduring Peace growing out of that world-struggle in which Death violently overtook those who rest beneath the soil they purchased and sanctified with their blood. They will embody and thus preserve, not for our generation alone, but for years to come, the memory of the many coloured races and breeds of men that rallied round England's flag in her need.



THE SOLDIER'S HEADSTONE



THE MEMORIAL CROSS.



THE BLACKCAP

BY JAMES H. SYMONDS.

APRIL the twenty-first seemed particularly early to see a blackcap carrying nesting material; it was only two days previously in a little wooded dell his rich song was first heard, and I was a little surprised to find the bird—the cock—was adding to an already half-built nest in a small patch of detached brambles. The blackcaps had certainly chosen to nest, as it were, in the enemy's camp, and with my gamekeeper friend I exchanged opinions as to whether or no the birds' work was not labour in vain. We were both agreed that the unpretentiousness of the isolated bramble was in itself a defence against the roving band of inveterate young nest-hunters from an adjacent hamlet, who taken collectively, were more nest-hunters than nest-robbers; but I knew that among them were scamps who

would not hesitate to "hang" their scruples in an attempt to hide a sea of predatory inclinations, to say nothing of actions, beneath the cloak of a solemn vow that *they* never robbed nests.

* I was often in the vicinity to guard off the enemy, especially on the Sabbath, and my ally, too, was laudably assiduous, for we both took a deal of interest in these blackcaps. And, in fact, his frequent reports that all was well led me to think he had investigated more often than was discreet. Our earlier pessimistic views were now being banished by more optimistic feelings, and in four days the eggs would hatch. But lo! the wisdom of the old proverb became vexatiously apparent, for on the morrow, forsooth, the nest was robbed.

Yarrell says the blackcap will desert two or three nests, just commenced, in succession, upon slight suspicion that it has been



THE BLACKCAPS AT THEIR NEST.

noticed in its labours. I quote an instance which seems to support him. Within a very limited area I found four partly built nests, only one of which was ever completed. I was quite sure only one pair of blackcaps haunted the little woodland and the nests had only a separation of a few yards between them. There may have been other reasons for the birds' several attempts at nest building, but, as the wood was so frequently gone through by the rascals mentioned, I laid the blame on them. At the same time the proximity of one nest to the other rather puzzled me. And in connection with this matter of deserted nests, I was surprised this summer in particular at the number of abandoned beginnings at nest building I came across where the builders may have been either of the warbler family, and where the human being could not, I think, have been implicated.

In the second week of May, when the whole bird kingdom was in a state of restless activity, by kind permission and with yearnings to photograph the blackcap, I entered a delightful wood on the borders of Cambridgeshire. I was soon tempted to leave the pleasant pathway for the more troublesome passage through the brambles which grew plenteously between the oaks. In the still morning air the blackcaps' noted song was heard to perfection; but a short time was at my disposal—barely an hour—yet sufficiently long for me to discover three blackcaps' nests. Such success was unprecedented in my experience.

The nest of this species is usually so well concealed just beneath the leaves that one is apt to look beyond it unless acquainted with the little builders' craftiness. I was aided in my search by the fact that the bramble leaves had not yet reached the height of their profusion. All the nests contained eggs, one with only two and the other two had full clutches partly incubated. Here, fortunately, the nests were quite safe. The blackcap which I had chosen for my photographic purpose



MOTHER BLACKCAP COMES HOME.



ASKING FOR MORE.

had over a week to "sit," so it was some days before I returned to note progress. I was not far out in my reckoning, for the chicks were only a day or so old at my next inspection, and another two or three days could be well spared in preparation for the camera. I brought into requisition an armful of the honeysuckle which grew in the wood to cover my "hiding," and thus disguised it was left near the nest and would only require moving up when I was ready to commence.

The fragrance of early morn had not quite gone when I unpacked the camera with hopes of achieving some measure of success in face of the difficulties placed in the way by the partiality of the blackcap to nest in the shady recesses of its haunt. Very frequent visits were being made to the nest. Between 9.45 and 12.30 the cock's visits had numbered 33, and the hen's 39. Even with such a busy time the former found time to intermingle plenty of song with his work. It was a custom of his, after disposing of the food he had collected, to mount a high perch and there pause and listen until the song of one of his kind had ceased before rapturously answering in ringing notes.

Things do not always go smoothly along in a bird nursery. One morning the hen blackcap got quite excited about something concerning the structural details of the nest. One moment she was almost invisible head downwards in the nest, then hurrying to inspect the foundations from the outside as if to note progress. All this was amusing to me, but to her consort, when he returned, so much bustle was bewildering. She had already been in a vertical position in the nest for some time before the arrival of the cock, and he, as if expecting her to assume a more rational attitude, hesitated to feed the young, but she continued her pulling and tugging and ignored his presence completely. I'm afraid she expended a lot of energy, and her subsequent doleful behaviour led me to suppose results were disappointing.



IN order to understand the fate which befell many of the buildings of the Priory after its suppression it is necessary to tell the story of what happened to it at that time. The last abbot, John Colchester or Witherick, was elected on September 25th, 1533, and on July 9th, 1534, he, with the Prior and seventeen Canons, subscribed to the King's supremacy. Five years later, on July 28th, 1539, the Priory was surrendered to the King. By patent of the 31st Henry VIII the King's favourite, Thomas Cromwell, obtained the grant of the dissolved Monastery of St. Osyth. After his death on Tower Hill in 1540 the Priory reverted to the Crown.

Early in the reign of Edward VI it was granted to the Princess Mary, daughter of Henry VIII, for her life or until an honourable marriage should be provided for her under the will of Henry VIII, and the reversions of it and several other manors were, by letters patent dated 14th April, 5th Edward VI (1550), granted to Sir Thomas Darcy, Knight, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten. He had married Elizabeth, daughter of John de Vere, fifteenth Earl of Oxford, and on April 5th, 1559, he was created Lord Darcy of Chiche.

Not long after, Lord Darcy, who wished for the possession and not the reversion of the property, was able to persuade Princess Mary to surrender it to the Crown, and by letters patent of May 22nd, 7th Edward VI (1553), it was granted to him in consideration for certain manors handed over by him to the King. His descendants accumulated wealth and honours, and Queen Elizabeth twice visited his son at St. Osyth's.

The buildings shown in the illustrations of this article are for the most part those erected either by Abbot Vyntoner or John, first Lord Darcy.

Approaching the main block of buildings which form the modern mansion you have facing you, in a direct line with the gate-house, the front wall of what formerly were the Bishop's Lodgings. In earlier days there was an entry beneath the lodgings with large archway and a smaller one on the dexter side for foot passengers, by which certain buildings which lay behind the lodgings were approached. The archway on the sinister side is a modern addition. The entry was converted by the late owner, Sir John Johnson, into a large dining hall. No traces of the buildings in the rear of the lodgings remain, except the corner of a destroyed

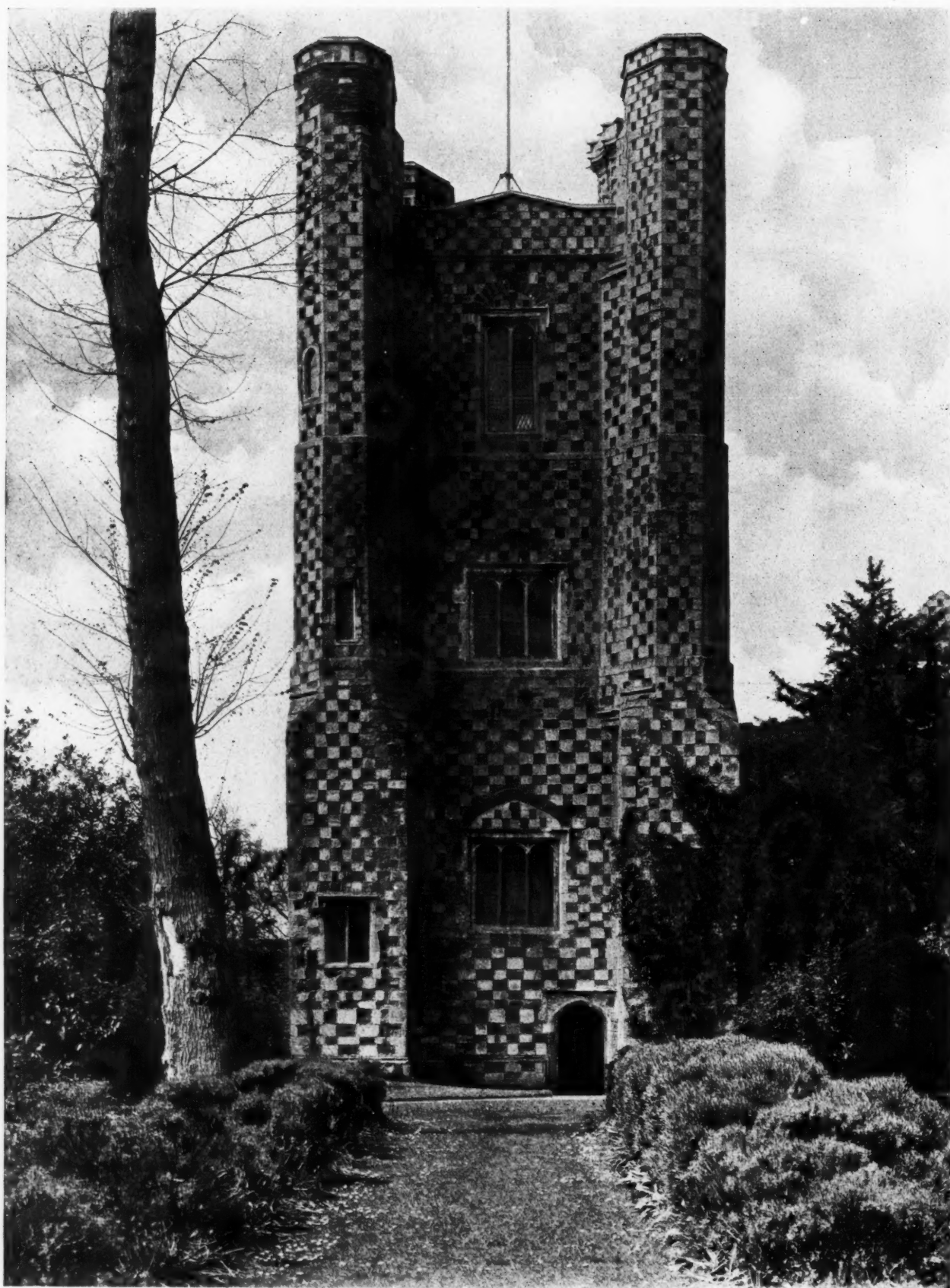




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THE SOUTH-EAST WING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE GREAT TOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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TOWER AND PERGOLA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

building, probably of the Darcy period, on which the following inscription has been placed :

Vetus hæc
Quam cernis maceris,
Conservata est
Ad Augustiniani coenobii
limites designandos
Tu vero
Inter loci hujus amoenitates
Tuorum temporum felicitati
Gratuleris
Ablegata jam ista superstitione
Quæ
Domicilium tam superbum
Segnitie consecravit
et
Socordie.
A D CIOCCCLX

which may be translated : This old fragment of a wall, which you see, is

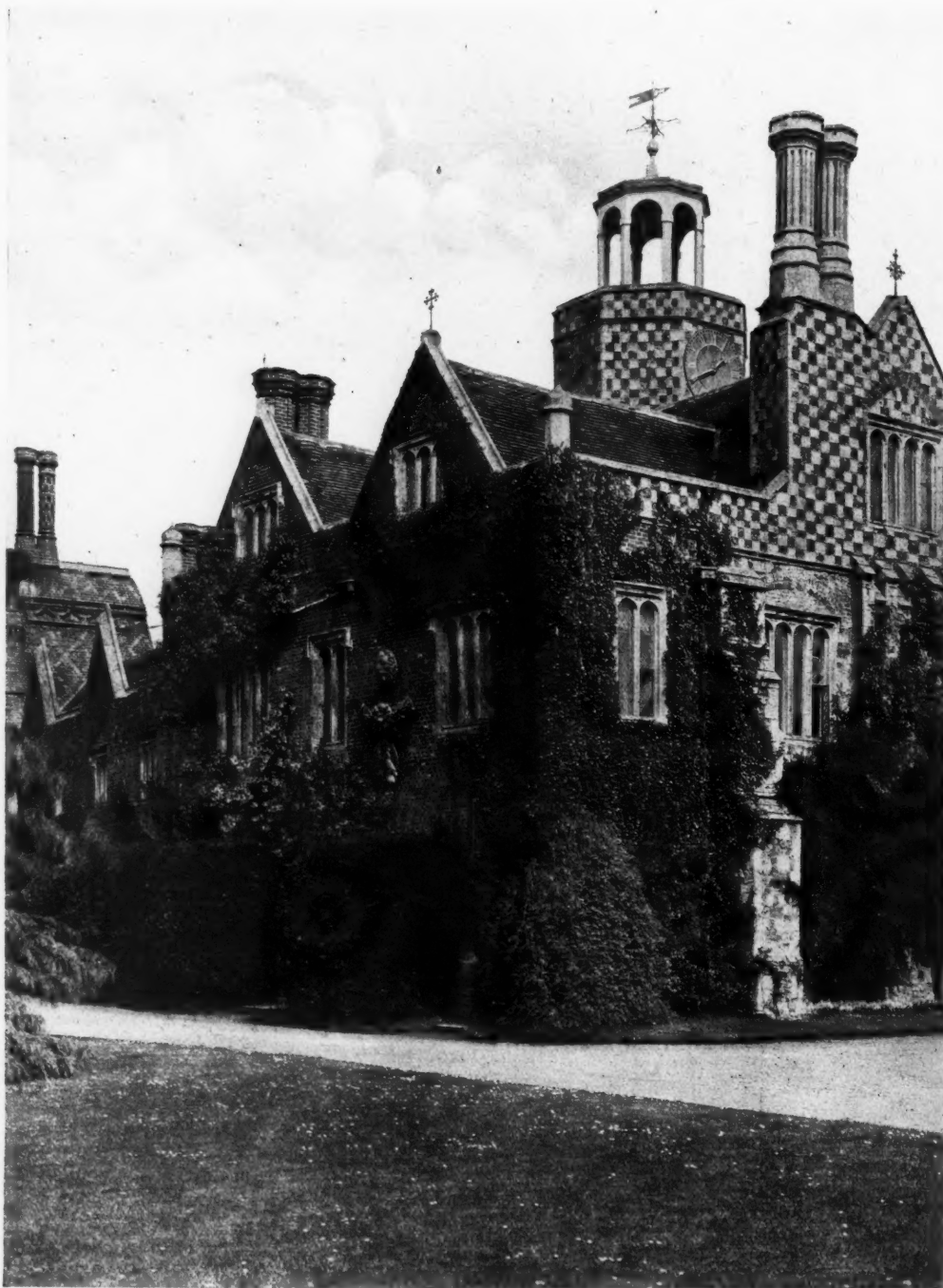
the Priory in its later days and with the extraordinary building activity of its penultimate abbot, and is evidently the product of a period of strong Protestant prejudice.

Above the large archway of the Bishop's lodgings is a fine oriel window, dated 1527, of which a detailed description will be given in the last article. It now gives light on the south side to the upstairs drawing-room of the mansion, also constructed by Sir John Johnson.

As you approach the Bishop's lodgings from the gatehouse you have on your right two blocks of buildings. These buildings occupy part of the site of the western range of the Monastery, and beneath the chequered block a considerable portion of the cellarer's range with barrel roofs of the thirteenth century still remains. Within the spandrels of one of the doorways of this block on its west side are displayed on its dexter side the cinquefoil and on its sinister the mullet. As those were respectively Darcy and De Vere badges they show that this building was erected by John,

the first Lord Darcy, whose wife was Elizabeth, daughter of the fifteenth Earl of Oxford. Behind the next building, which is joined to the Bishop's lodgings, are two early thirteenth century responds, which almost certainly mark the position of the Monastery kitchen. It is probable that Lord Darcy put up this building to connect the Bishop's lodgings with his house.

Passing now eastwards from the buildings just described, we have the south wall of the ruined Darcy house, connecting the chequered building with what is popularly known as the Abbot's Tower. As, however, it was entirely erected by Lord Darcy, it is difficult to see what it had to do with the abbots. We are now on the site of some of the principal buildings of the Monastery, and by the help of Sir William St. John Hope I have been able to identify the positions of some of these with a considerable degree of certainty. From the inventory of the goods, etc., of the Priory taken at the Dissolution we know that the Priory Church consisted of a nave with south aisle only, a presbytery with north aisle and vestry, and a south chapel, and a steeple in the middle with short north and longer south transepts. The north cross aisle or transept formed part



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CHEQUERED STONE AND FLINT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

been preserved to mark the site of an Augustinian monastery. And now that that superstition, which dedicated such a noble building to the purposes of sloth and laziness, has been done away with, you, amidst the delights of this spot, may congratulate yourself on your good fortune in living in such days as the present. A.D. 1760.

With regard to this inscription it may suffice to say that it scarcely squares with what is known of the religious life of

of the east side of the cloisters. The church lay to the south of the long south wall of the Darcy house, and in all probability there was an entrance from the dorter into the north transept of the church, near the Abbot's Tower, where a brick building with pent-house roof has been built against the wall of the Darcy house between the main south wall and the tower.

The dorter and rere dorter formed the eastern range of the cloister. Nothing now remains of these except some of the sub-vaults, which are of twelfth century workmanship. The frater or monks' refectory, running east and west, formed the northern range of the cloister and was on the ground floor. Behind the dais, at the eastern end, was some beautiful thirteenth century arcading, portions of which remain. In all probability this was a locutorium or parlour, and was entered from the cloister by an archway which has been blocked up and which now contains a window. The beautiful interior of this building with its vaulted roof and slender supporting shafts forms a charming picture. The roof is a singularly fine example of a vaulted roof of the first quarter of the thirteenth century. Laterally it is divided into three bays, and longitudinally into two. The ribs forming the angles of the intersections of the groins spring from a series of moulded corbel brackets built into the walling and are supported down the middle on two Purbeck shafts with moulded caps and bases of the same material. The section of the ribs consists of a trefoil with deeply cut hollows, a small fillet being worked upon the central member, a very characteristic feature of this particular style. Great skill has been displayed in the construction of this vault, the ashlar forming the filling in between the groins being laid with the greatest precision and accuracy, and the joints for the greater part being remarkably fine. A half rib, following the contour of the vaults, is carried along each of the four walls from corbel to corbel, thus forming a finish to the vaults where they abut against the walling, and also a bearing for the stonework of the vaults adjacent to the walling. The caps of the central shafts consist of two main members and are most carefully designed to afford good effects of light and shade; each of these caps forms the springing line and bearing for eight ribs. There are three arched openings from this apartment into the sub-vaults of the dorter. When the apartment was converted by the late owner, Sir John Johnson, into a chapel, the middle vault was arranged as a sanctuary to contain an altar, and the stonemasons were left to amuse themselves in ways of which the less said the better.

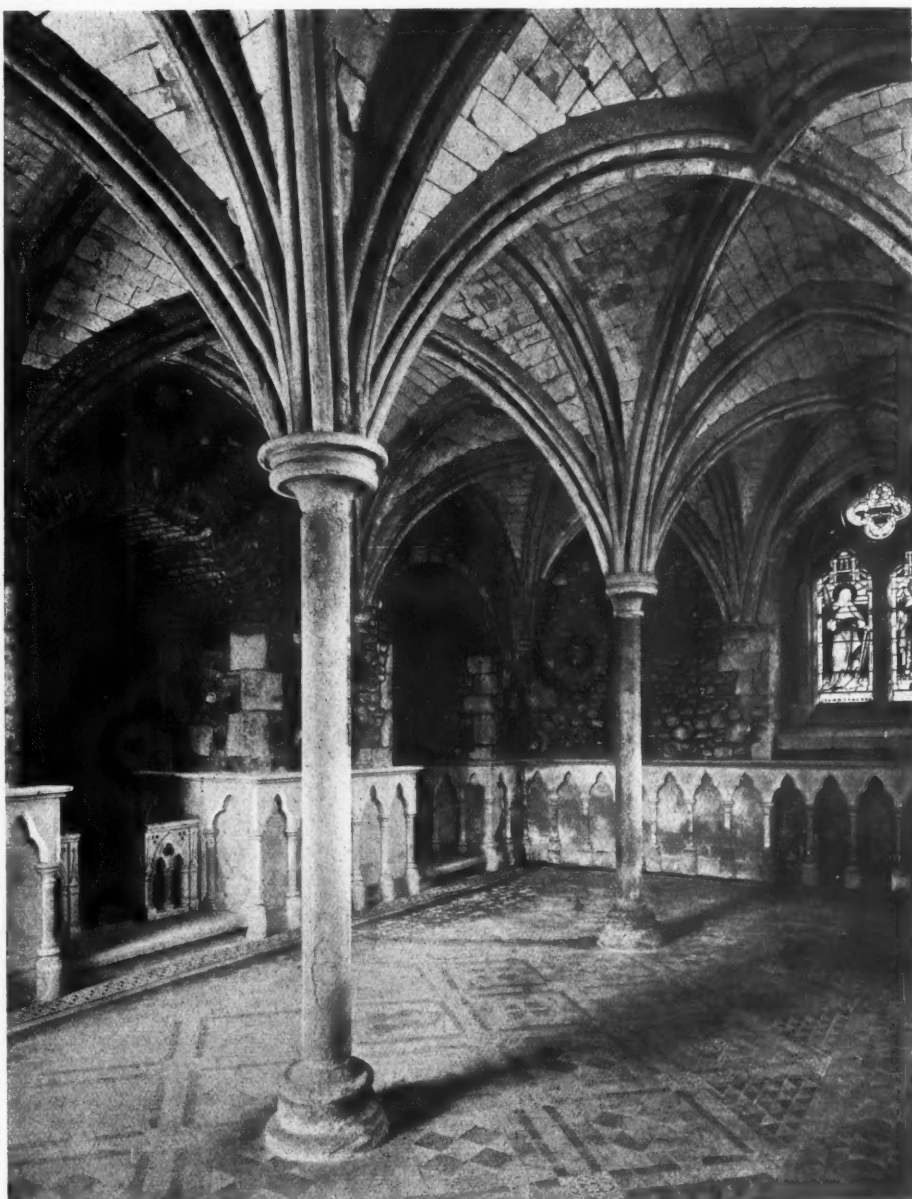
The Tower must have added considerable dignity to the appearance of the Darcy



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THE CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE CHAPEL, EARLY ENGLISH VAULTING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

house. In all probability it is largely composed of materials taken from the monastic buildings, including the church which Lord Darcy dismantled. From the summit fine views are obtained of the surrounding country. Northward lie the park and the Nuns' Wood, containing some splendid trees, including specimens of the earliest Lombardy poplars planted in this country. Southward there is the wide stretch of the St. Osyth marshes fringing the waters

of the North Sea. Eastward lie the larger part of the village, and some four miles beyond it the modern town of Clacton-on-Sea, that sunny and popular seaside resort. Westward one catches sight of the quaint little port of Brightlingsea, so well known in yachting circles and to readers of W. W. Jacobs' novels, and beyond it, across the estuary of the River Colne, the wooded slopes of Mersea Island.

T. H. CURLING.

DEMOBILISING OUR WAR HORSES

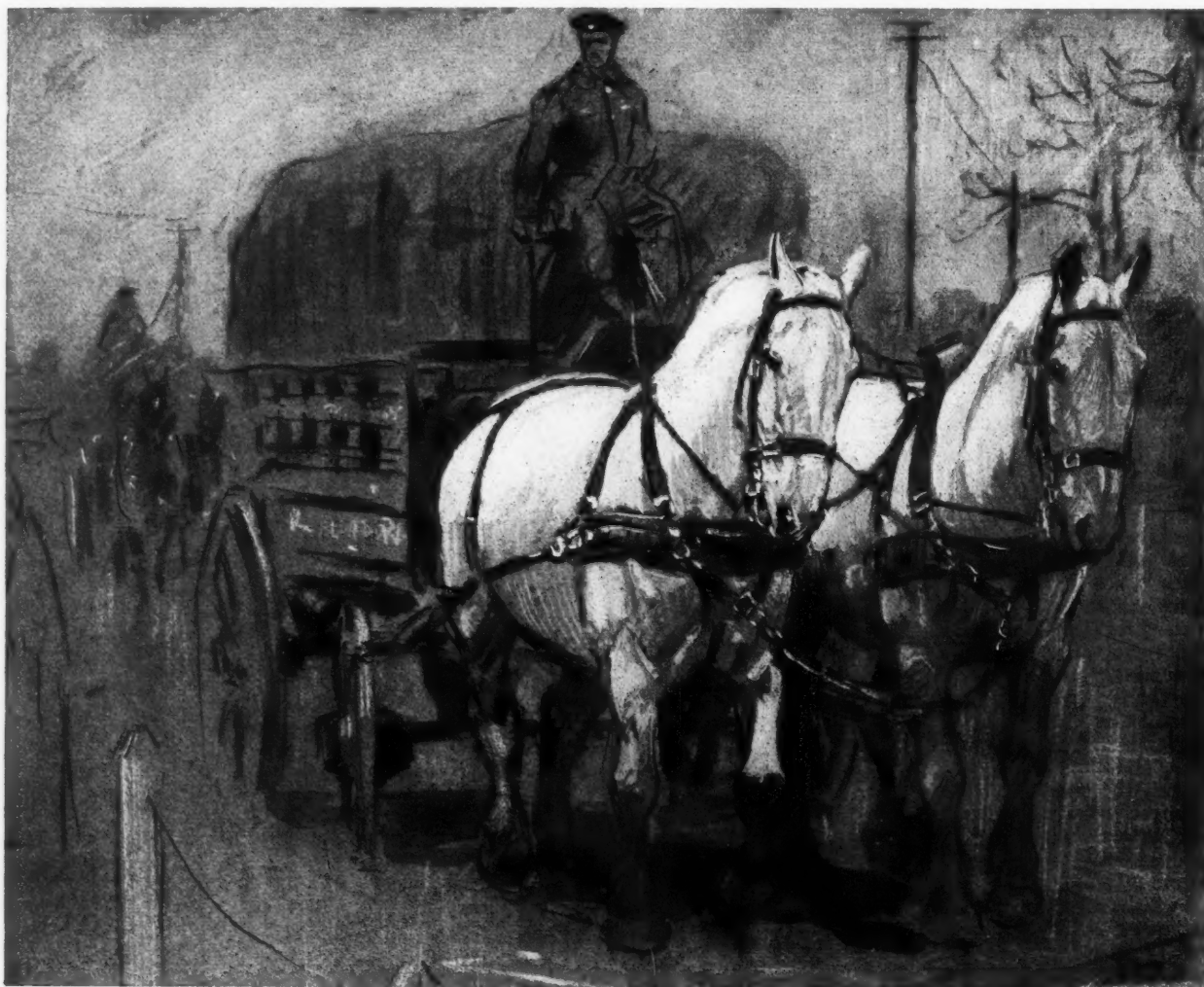
THE Director of Remounts (Major-General Sir W. H. Birkbeck, K.C.B., C.M.G.) has made it possible this week to give readers of COUNTRY LIFE some important details of the War Office scheme by which many thousands of surplus Army horses are to become available during the next weeks and months for agriculture, commerce and sport. The great dispersal is all part of the plan of general demobilisation of the Army, and the Director and his Staff are to be congratulated on having taken action with the least possible delay and for adopting the shrewd and wise course of seeking the assistance of the Press in making widely known the outline of his elaborate scheme.

One gathers that about 17 per cent. of the horses were taken by ordinary purchase and on more than one occasion by impressment, and now it is proposed to put back 16 per cent. I should have thought the percentage taken was higher, but am assured that that figure is about as accurate as it can be. Then it has to be recognised that up to the present, at any rate, there may have been some difficulty in arriving at the numbers to be dispensed with. The authorities have to keep a large reserve in hand, first, for our big Army of Occupation in Germany with certain numbers always available to replace wastage from natural causes; secondly, for the Army still being maintained at home; and, thirdly, for sudden emergency calls. The balance is represented by what the War Office feel they can justifiably dispose of to the general public. I am writing only of the Army horses in France and England. We know that there must be a great many in those other distant theatres—Italy, Egypt, Salonica and Mesopotamia—and "Demob" schemes naturally embrace all those separate

propositions, each presenting its own difficulties of solution. But what Major-General Birkbeck has interested us in for the moment is the immediate dispersal in this country of tens of thousands of horses of all classes. They comprise the invaluable heavy draught horses for agriculture and haulage work in the big cities and towns, the light draught horses, whose splendid record in the war will always stand to their credit, riding horses, from high-class hunters to sturdy cobs, and some mules, the numbers of which will depend on the demand for them.

Naturally, the primary object in arranging the sales as early as is compatible with the military situation is to give horse breeders and horse users what they have been unable to get for a long time past. The former want mares of the right type; the latter want relief for the over-worked old slaves they possess at present, with others in addition to bring their "strength" up to what the Army would call their "establishment." The advantages, therefore, are obvious. Breeding, which has been most seriously threatened with alarming consequences, will be able to rally, and by replacing so many thousand horses in civilian ownership the Army authorities would have material to call on in the event of re-mobilisation in the future.

Horses at home are to be sold off first, and the vacancies thus created in Remount Depôts and with units will be filled by the repatriated equine heroes from France. General Birkbeck has made it clear that the animals now in England are by no means to be judged by the "horse service" standard of physique and usefulness. He reassures us by the reminder that a great many of them were being prepared for their work overseas when the Huns threw up the sponge and the Armistice was signed. They

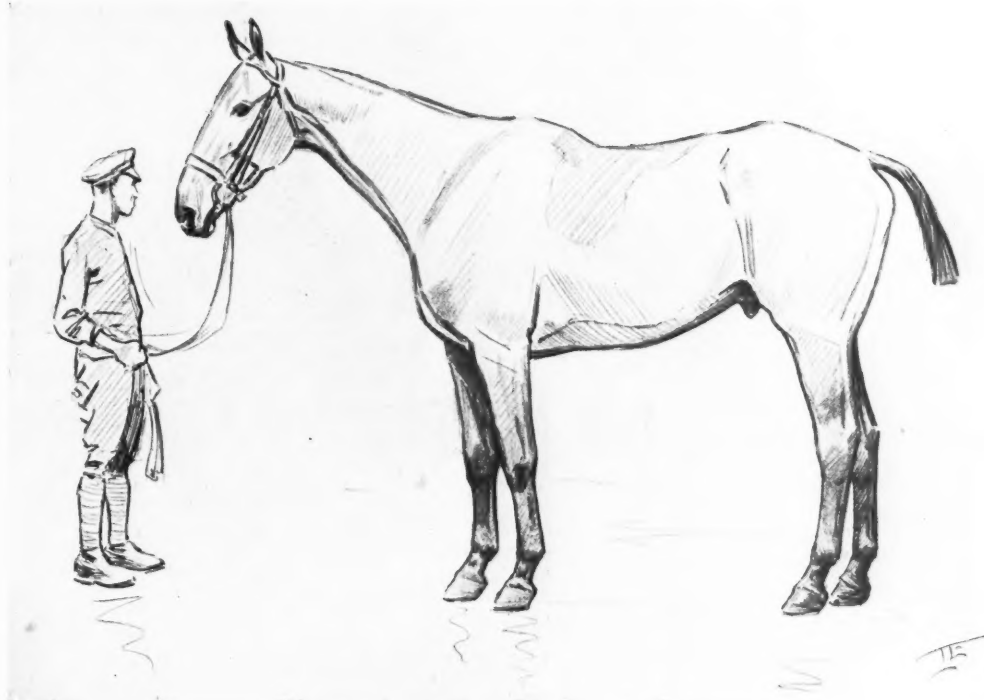


HEAVY DRAUGHTS AT ROMSEY.

are, therefore, equally as good as the good ones in France, so that there will be no appreciable difference between the two standards. The fact is that they are representative of the finest draught horses which it was possible for our skilled Army buyers to obtain in America, and I have seen from personal inspection that they are sound, clean-limbed, fine-framed animals, which will become extremely popular with all users of the general utility draught horse.

Then as to the numbers to come home. The forecast made in *COUNTRY LIFE* a week ago that 125,000 horses are to be repatriated from France proves to be absolutely correct according to present plans. They are what can be spared from our great Expeditionary Force at present, and they will represent the skimming of the milk, as it were, after the demands of the Army of Occupation have been satisfied. There is also the gratifying assurance that as regards soundness and general health they will have been approved by Veterinary Boards, while Remount Officers will have made the final selection in giving them their passports to "Blighty." Arrangements have been made to receive them at the rate of 12,500 a week and their distribution has been arranged as follows:—5,800 to Southampton, 3,500 to Hull, 2,400 to Tilbury, and 800 to the Royal Albert Dock, London.

Contiguous to each arrival port will be the quarantine depôt, where the Veterinary Service will exercise the strictest supervision to ensure that only healthy animals are allowed to pass out beyond to the sale centres. From Southampton, for instance, they will go into quarantine at Swaythling and that equally large depôt, Romsey, which has played a fine part throughout the war. Then they will feed those other big depôts—Southampton in the West of England and Ormskirk near Liverpool, both of which have been most intimately associated in the past with the reception of tremendous numbers from America. From these four depôts, then, the horses will radiate to the sale centres in those parts of the country. Those centres, as in all



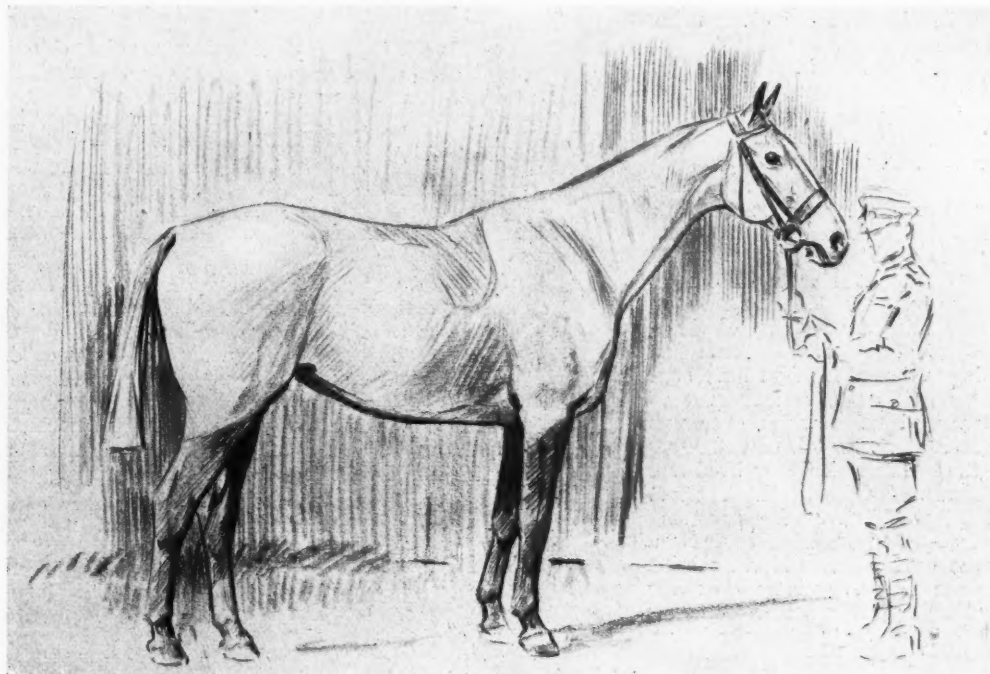
A HUNTER TYPE CHARGER AT ROMSEY.

other parts, are in the big cities and market towns. In the same way Hull will supply horses to the sale centres in Scotland and North-East England; Tilbury will send to the East Midlands and Norfolk and Suffolk; and Woolwich Depôt, which is the quarantine station for all horses coming to the Royal Albert Dock, will cater for London, Kent, Sussex and Surrey.

The Remount Directorate has wisely given much thought to assigning the different classes to those counties and districts where they are most likely to be appreciated. Thus, where agricultural operations are on heavy soils, the heaviest class of draught horses will be sent, and here let me add that, as far as possible, geldings will be sent to the towns and mares kept for the country districts. This is a point which will greatly appeal to those who are much concerned to see horse-breeding given a re-start under the most favourable circumstances. High-class chargers are, of course, most suited to well known hunting countries, and Welsh cart-horses and cobs will be expected to enter again into their kingdom. Devon is hardly likely to be deluged with heavy Shires and Clydesdales, though the needs of agriculturists in that corner of England will not be ignored. Criticism there no doubt will be, since it is not conceivable that in a dispersal of such magnitude there will be absolute satisfaction, but details such as I have given are eminently satisfactory, and show that the Director has given great thought and shown much discrimination in organising his scheme.

One point of primary importance must not be omitted. Every owner of a horse in civil life has had some experience of the difficulties of securing cereals and hay even on much reduced rations. Obviously a civilian could not be expected to pay a fair price for a horse if he had no chance of feeding it, however much he might require the services of the horse.

This, therefore, was a difficulty to be removed in such a big scheme of sales as is now to take place. The outcome is that every purchaser of a horse will receive a ration coupon entitling him to draw forage. Thus the horse, instead of being fed by the Government, will continue to be fed on the same scale, but by his new civilian



A CHESTNUT CHARGER AT SWAYTHLING.

owner. This is as it should be, and the fact will undoubtedly afford relief to many who feared that their desire to purchase would be thwarted by forage restrictions.

During the present week an opportunity has been afforded of visiting the great Remount Depôts at Swaythling and Romsey, each capable of holding 5,000 animals. These depôts have played a fascinating part in maintaining the strength of our Armies abroad—Swaythling as the one and only issuing depôt to France and Romsey in the reception of newly arrived animals from America, and in the fitting out of artillery and cavalry units at home, either for training in England or for service overseas. I had the pleasure of viewing examples of the horses

now to be sold. They included fine specimens of heavy draught horses, representative of our Shires and Clydesdales, and the fine Percheron-bred, weighty, clean-legged horses from America; the lighter stamp of draught horses whose value has been proved to a remarkable degree in association with Field Artillery; and fine riding horses ranging from sturdy, active cobs to chargers framed on blood-like hunter lines.

The whole incident of this wide dispersal of horses is epoch-marking in the history of British horse breeding and horse employment, and months and years hence it will be of absorbing interest to review its influence on this country's horse breeding industry and resources.

HERBERT PRATT.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

The Letters of Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Heinemann.)

THESE two volumes of letters, although overloaded with letters to publishers, editors and their like concerning matters which are of little or no interest to this generation, nevertheless yield a picture of Swinburne that could be painted by no other than himself. It will help those who knew him only as an elderly man in the seclusion of "The Pines," where he was dominated by the influence of Mr. Watts Dunton, to reconstruct the youth and development of one of the most remarkable geniuses of this or any other age. Whoever was familiar with his appearance or had listened to his talk could easily guess the former life of which this elderly respectableness was the sequel. The beautiful almond-shaped grey eyes remained vigilant and expressive to the very last. The noble forehead crowned by a wisp of faded yellow hair proclaimed the power of him who wrote "Atalanta in Calydon." The feeble mouth and chin told with equal frankness of "this poor inhabitant below." The animated, versatile face, the energetic conversation ranging through many literatures and dealing with extraordinary emphasis either of hate or extravagant eulogy on every topic that came uppermost made an impression deepened rather than softened by the frailty of physique, the involuntary movement of a diseased shoulder. There was little trace of reverence for anything in heaven or on earth, and although Swinburne had become an Imperialist in politics, there were still flashes of the old anarchy. But he was no *sans culotte*. He was proud of his birth and breeding, and the code he set up was that of refraining from doing anything not becoming to a gentleman. In a letter to his friend Purnell he laid down the law in regard to journalism which in his own way he observed in other relations of life. Purnell had asked him to contribute to a new satirical paper which he was about to publish. Swinburne, after saying that ventures of the same kind had of late years been made "not by gentlemen and men of honour as well as of letters but by blackguards who feed on the filth they make," went on to say that it was impossible to be connected with such a journal "until full proof is given by the practical conduct of it that its conductors and contributors are men with whom a gentleman need be neither ashamed nor afraid of associating." It would be a fatal error to infer from the extravagance of the poet's language that there was not this side of the character of Admiral Swinburne's son.

Before proceeding to select a few passages that will help the reader to realise one of the strangest figures of the Victorian era, some regret must be expressed at the omissions in this book. It contains a vast deal of correspondence about the more obscure figures of the Elizabethan era, which is not so fascinating to-day as it might have been once. Investigation in that territory has not brought to light anything of the exaggerated value which once was claimed. Shakespeare and Marlowe, with one or two lesser figures, give the essence of the age in which they lived and stand out as figures in the literature of the world. The rest is "leather and prunella," but it would have been very much more interesting if the volumes had included at least a few letters showing Swinburne on his native Northumbrian heath, a few dealing with the ballads which were really part of his spiritual life, and a few giving some hint of his devotion to Sir Walter Scott. Even in regard to the letters printed they are only about letters. Very few of them touch on life in London as seen by Swinburne's eyes. But when these deductions are made the volumes remain intensely interesting, fascinating, indeed. The letters begin when Swinburne was a young man of twenty-one at Oxford. The old Adam in

most of us would have welcomed more passages like the following:

One evening—when the *Union* was just finished—Jones and I had a great talk. (Spencer) Stanhope and Swan attacked, and we defended, our idea of Heaven, viz., a rose-garden full of stunners. Atrocities of an appalling nature were uttered on the other side. We became so fierce that two respectable members of the University—entering to see the pictures—stood mute and looked at us. We spoke just then of kisses in Paradise, and expounded our ideas on the celestial development of that necessity of life; and after listening five minutes to our language, they literally fled from the room! Conceive our mutual ecstasy of delight.

And immediately after this comes that touch of enthusiastic and generous admiration which endeared Swinburne to his friends even when they were repelled by his less winning characteristics. It is a reference to Edith, the lady to whom William Morris had been engaged. It astonishes the young poet that Morris should have "that wonderful and most perfect stunner of his to—look at or speak to." He goes on to explain that "the idea of his marrying her is insane. To kiss her feet is the utmost man should dream of doing." The letters from college are too few. We next hear of him writing from Fitzroy Square in 1860 referring to his friend George Meredith and relating that

Rossetti has just done a drawing of a female model and myself embracing—I need not say in the most fervent and abandoned style—meant for a frontispiece to his Italian Translations. Everybody who knows me already salutes the likeness with a yell of recognition. When the book comes out, I shall have no refuge but the grave.

An editorial note tells us that the drawing in question, although duly engraved upon wood, was never used for the purpose intended; and again that ineradicable old Adam exclaims, "A pity, a very great pity!" Then we have a letter from Mentone to Pauline Lady Trevelyan, and it may be said at once that the poet, who addressed many letters to the mistress of Wallington Hall, is always charming in writing to her, full of spirit and the freedom which comes from confidence.

Never in his life did he spend much time abroad, and when we read his first impression we do not wonder. This is how he describes the country round Mentone:

A calcined, scalped, rasped, scraped, flayed, broiled, powdered, leprous, blotched, mangy, grimy, parboiled country *without* trees, water, grass, fields—with blank, beastly, senseless olives and orange-trees like a mad cabbage gone indigestible; it is infinitely liker hell than earth, and one looks for tails among the people. And such females with hunched bodies and crooked necks carrying tons on their heads, and looking like Death taken seasick. AR-T-T-T! GR-T-T-T!

A letter to Lady Trevelyan from the Turf Hotel, Newcastle, is in a different tone. The poet had been disappointed by his father, was at a hostelry instead of Capheaton, and was groaning under the "inability to pay a fortnight's unlooked-for hotel expenses." He sees nothing but "Destitution and Despair" ahead of him and says he has "begun an epitaph in the Micawber style for my future grave in the precincts of my native County's jail." He pictures posterity as a weeping pilgrim in the prison yard of the city dropping

the tear of indignant sympathy on a humble stone affording scanty and dishonourable refuge

To
The
Nameless
Dust
of
A. C. S.

But how full his life was in those days may be gathered from a letter to Charles Augustus Howell, whom he addresses as "Infâme Libertin." In it he refers to his "rural gallops with cousins, study of Art and Illuminated Manuscripts and

Caxton print, and proofs of a new edition of the virginal poem *Atalanta*," adding:

I have added yet four more jets of boiling and gushing infamy to the perennial and poisonous fountain of *Dolores*. *O mon ami!*

Then in a way he begins to settle in London and we hear a great deal about invitations to his rooms in Dorset Street, where he would bring such friends as Ruskin and Burne Jones to hear his new poems read. His mind was swimming with ideas, and he had that divine egotism which made the completion of one of his poems the greatest event of its day. Yet there is withal a generous appreciation of his contemporaries. In "The Pines" it used to be the fashion to run down Browning for his lack of harmony. A favourite saying of Watts Dunton was that "his rhymes bruise my ear like flints." The young Swinburne was enraptured with Browning. When at college he read "Sordello" with passionate concentration. He called it one of his "canonical scriptures." It is very obvious that one or two saturnine notes by Mr. Gosse were thoroughly called for. One is a reference to Walt Whitman, in which he says "the atmosphere which now surrounded Swinburne was fatal to any continuance of his cordial appreciation of Whitman." The other is a note to a remark by Swinburne that Watts had said that a certain poem of his was the best he had written. The comment is: "Mr. Watts said this about every new poem," and it is only fair to add that Swinburne was equally certain that the most recent contribution of Walter, as he called him, to the *Athenæum* was the very latest word in criticism.

Swinburne, as everybody knows, was a great swimmer, and one is rather surprised to hear so little about this accomplishment. He was very proud of having successfully faced a torrent in the Tay which, it was supposed, nobody could swim, and swimming reminiscences formed a considerable part of his conversation. We have two references in the book, one of which Mr. Gosse referred to in his "Life," though it may well be given again here in Swinburne's own language:

I can remember no earlier enjoyment than being held up naked in my father's arms and brandished between his hands, then shot like a stone from a sling through the air, shouting and laughing with delight, head foremost into the coming wave—which could only have been the pleasure of a very little fellow.

In this connection it is curious that Swinburne had no fear of the water, but an almost superstitious dread of a dog. He tells us that he could not see one without in imagination feeling its fang in his thigh.

The other swimming anecdote is told in a letter to Lord Houghton:

Did any common friend tell you of my adventures at Etretat last month, when I had to swim between two and three miles in an equinoctial sea for my life, and at last was picked up by a passing fisherboat? That was a lark, and I found place and people charming.

We had marked at least a hundred other pages for quotation from this book for the purpose of trying to get at least the outline of a portrait, but considerations of space forbid our continuation, and, indeed, it is not by such means that the imagination will conceive the true features of the strange, impish, and yet most attractive figure which during the Victorian era abode mostly in the seclusion of libraries or in that still greater seclusion which makes of a man a thing apart, and emerged only as an apparition to mock and jeer at the gentilities and respectabilities, the pretentious mediocrities and commonplace ambitions of an age to which it was foreign. There is many a trenchant exposure of the pretentiousness of mediocrity in these volumes. We hope in a future instalment the editors will not succumb as completely as they have done in this instance to the worship of that fair goddess Discretion, but will give space and freedom to all that made Swinburne a contrast to the age in which he lived. If here and there a blue stocking is shocked, what matter?

LITERARY NOTES

"PASSING away, saith the world, passing away," might have been a very appropriate motto for the fifth volume of *The English Poets*, edited by Thomas Humphrey Ward and published by Macmillan. It reminds us of that "Lament for the Makers" written by Dunbar when he was past his zenith.

It is forty years since the preceding volume was published. To it, in 1894, was added a supplement containing selections from Browning, Matthew Arnold and Tennyson. This was incorporated in the fourth volume, but is now placed at the beginning of the fifth. After allowance is made for these great singers who died so long ago that they are now placed among the classics and we are losing the sense of having had them as contemporaries, what an array still remains! Looking over the names and recalling the achievement of each, one cannot help reflecting on the number and variety

of noble active minds that have been stilled in the period. "Forty years onward, forty years on," in the famous song of Harrow, changes aspiration into failure or fulfilment. Of the throng of faces which, as it were, peer out of the darkness in this book, it may be interesting in the closing month of the year to recall a few. Some died in the fulness of years and honour. Men like Swinburne, Morris and Matthew Arnold, who wrote the gay and characteristic introduction to this work, Edward FitzGerald and many others had completed their career. Grief at their passing was only a recognition of Nature's inexorable law of change. There can be no rebellion against it. Generation succeeds generation as the leafage of one summer follows that which went before it. But there were others, marvellous boys some of them, who perished in their prime. There was Richard Middleton, who wrote "The Carol of the Poor Children." He was born in 1899 and died in 1911, so he had only reached his twenty-second year. Philip Bourke Marston, perhaps the most promising of all the young Victorian poets, did not die quite in youth, but still before he had reached middle age. He was born in 1850 and lived until 1887. The darling of the pre-Raphaelites, had he lived he might possibly have surpassed the best of that school. At any rate, no one belonging to it had more promise. Ernest Dowson was only thirty-three when he died, fulfilling his own words:

"Let us go hence, somewhither strange and cold,
To Hollow Lands where just men and unjust
Find end of labour, where's rest for the old,
Freedom to all from love and fear and lust.
Twine our torn hands! O pray the earth enfold
Our life-sick hearts and turn them into dust"

WHOM THE GODS LOVE.

"Whom the gods love die young" it has been said, but I think the gods love more those who are eternally young. That was the case with many Victorian singers who did not reach to the very greatest heights in their art, but had the gift of maintaining their youthfulness to the last. No one can think of any of the famous trio, Stevenson, Andrew Lang and Henley, as old men, though none of them died in the infancy of his career. There was nothing R. L. S. hated more than the idea of growing old, and Destiny was kind in preventing that catastrophe. He remained a boy in spirit to the very last, even though ill health and grief swept over him. Andrew Lang shared that distinction. He remained ever in sympathy with the young, and the young returned his affection with interest. This may also be said of W. E. H. Elderly and coldly critical eyes might see shortcomings in their work, but always there was something of the ardour and hope of high youth about them that invested what they did with a magic for the young.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF POETRY.

It is surprising how few of these names have actually gone down to Lethe and forgetfulness. Literary fashion changes like other fashions, and even the language of the Victorians is distasteful in some degree to our time. The twentieth century opened with a taste for vividness and actuality, which has increased with years. The facts of life are pretty much the same in all ages, but one is struck with the prevalence of literary wrappage and clothing in many Victorian poems where the bard of to-day would aim at making his language the most direct and telling possible, even though it should be at the loss of euphony. Criticism, as usual, has made hay of many old reputations. In spite of the pleading of Mr. Edmund Gosse, Coventry Patmore is not taken so seriously now as he was in the days when he wrote "I have respected posterity, and should there be a posterity that cares for letters, I dare hope that it will respect me." As far as his sincerity and aspiration go, he is still respected, but the lines to Eros with which Mr. Gosse begins his extracts are damning to the artistic eye of the present day:

"Bright thro' the valley gallops the brooklet;
Over the welkin travels the cloud;
Touch'd by the zephyr, dances the harebell;
Cuckoo sits somewhere, singing so loud."

Whatever might follow these lines would be fatal in the editorial eye of to-day. Patmore really never overcame the result of Swinburne's rather savage parody; nor are we convinced even by the language and taste of Mr. John Bailey that Meredith has any more certain place among the immortals, though occasionally, as in the following passage, he entered the realm of real poetry:

"Overhead, overhead
Rushes life in a race,
As the clouds the clouds chase;
And we go,
And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
Even we,
Even so."

Nor does Sir Sidney Colvin succeed in making much of Stephen Phillips, who is very difficult to read now, despite the vogue that he enjoyed during the early part of his career.

THOMAS HARDY AS A CRITIC.

Of the critical introductions in the volume, one of the most interesting is that by Thomas Hardy, prefixed to the extract from Barnes. It makes little difference that one does not agree with its conclusions. This applies to the argument set forth in his first paragraph. The veil of a dialect, through which except in a few cases readers have to discern whatever of real poetry there may be in William Barnes, is disconcerting to many, and to some distasteful, chiefly, one thinks, for a superficial reason which has more to do with spelling than with the dialect itself. As long as the spelling of standard English is other than phonetic, it is not obvious why that of the old Wessex language should be phonetic, except in a pronouncing dictionary. We have, however, to deal with Barnes's verse as he chose to write it,

merely premising that his aim in the exact literation of Dorset words is not necessarily to exhibit humour and grotesqueness." The "veil of a dialect" is a deceptive phrase. If dialect is used as a veil, then it is bad; but if it is the natural language of the poet, then it is no fault. Mr. Hardy makes the interesting experiment of translating a few lines from Dorset into common English, but he would scarcely oppose the statement that translation is nearly always an iniquity. Nothing written in a foreign language is as good as that which is clothed in the language the poet is accustomed to speak. French poems by Englishmen are just about on an equal with Latin and Greek poems from the same source. It would be very interesting indeed if Mr. Hardy would take "The Wife a-lost." The dialect here seems to bring the sentiment home in a way it would not reach through the use of formal English, and belongs to the woman. The poem is familiar, but we quote two verses to show what we mean:

"Since I noo mwore do zee your feace,
Up steairs or down below,
I'll zit me in the lwonesome pleace
Where flat-bough'd beech do grow:
Below the beeches' bough, my love,
Where you did never come,
An' I don't look to meet ye now,
As I do look at hwome."

"Since you noo mwore be at my zide,
In walks in zummer het,
I'll goo alwone where mist do ride,
Drough trees a-drippen wet:
Below the rain-wet bough, my love,
Where you did never come,
An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
As I do grieve at hwome."

It must not be thought that these differences of opinion, however, mean any want of appreciation of Mr. Hardy's brief but most excellent delivery on Barnes. The first paragraph has been quoted for the purpose of dissenting from it, and the last shall be transcribed also in token of absolute agreement:

"Repose and content mark nearly all of Barnes's verse; he shows little or none of the spirit of revolt which we find in Burns; nothing of the revolutionary politics of Beranger. He held himself artistically aloof from the ugly side of things—or perhaps shunned it unconsciously; and we escape in his pictures the sordid miseries that are laid bare in Crabbe, often to the destruction of charm. But though he does not probe life so deeply as the other parson-poet I have named, he conserves the poetic essence more carefully, and his reach in his highest moments, as exemplified by such a poignant lyric as 'The Wife a-lost' or by the emotional music of 'Woak Hill' or 'The Wind at the Door' has been matched by few singers below the best." P. A. G.

THE ESTATE MARKET

THERE have been few exceptions during the week to the rule that all or nearly all lots offered under the hammer find purchasers in the auction room, and a large area of agricultural land has changed hands. In some cases bidding seems to have been on behalf of public authorities, but the only instance in which the acquisition of a property for the use of discharged soldiers has been openly made was at a sale effected in the Midlands. This was the auction, by Messrs. Edwards, Son and Bigwood, of outlying portions of Lord Sandys' Ombersley estate. A sum of £7,050 was paid by the Worcestershire County Council for two holdings, together extending to 140 acres, for the use of discharged men. The area is not large, but if every county could point to having done as much in the same way, or even claim to be contemplating action along such lines, the edge would be taken off what is now being used as an argumentative weapon by certain people whose interest in the subject is not primarily the welfare of our returned fighting men. In all 980 acres of the Ombersley land found buyers, for a total of £44,370, inclusive of timber, which was valued at just over £1,600.

Outlying portions of the Marker estates in Devon and Somerset, near Ilminster and Axminster, have realised upwards of £70,000 through Messrs. Mabbett and Edge. The auction attracted a large company on three successive days to Exeter, Chard and Honiton, and nearly all of the 2,540 acres evoked eager competition. The prices of some of the farms are noteworthy; for example, at Barrington, Victoria farm, of 169 acres, fetched £7,300; New House farm, 110 acres, £4,000; and Rowsell farm, of 103 acres, £4,025; while at Chardstock, Bowditch farm, just under 90 acres, made £2,500; another holding of 283 acres, on the Woodbury Salterton portion, £6,600, and accommodation land on the Dulverton estate exceeded £100 an acre. Since the auction various lots have been sold at good prices.

Buying after the auction has assisted in the compilation of a very satisfactory total for outlying portions of the Holme Hall estate, of which 1,043 acres have been sold, at York and privately, for £29,200. In other instances, such as that of the sale by Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard of the Ven estate of Sir Hubert Medleycott, at Sherborne, purchases on behalf of the tenants assured the success of the sale before the date fixed for the public offering of the property. Two large farms, disposed of in that way for £6,000 and £8,800 respectively, brought the total, inclusive of land sold under the hammer, up to approximately £45,000. There were a good many allotments on the property, and the declared reserve for one section with cottages, £1,500, was considerably exceeded, the hammer finally falling at £2,275.

By the way, as many as 5,000 new allotments were provided only last week by twenty-six different local authorities. About one sixth of the whole of the allotments in England and Wales are now held under the Cultivation of Lands Order, the number so held being somewhat more than 300,000. Mr. E. J. Cheney, C.B., has been appointed Joint Secretary to the Commissioners of Woods, and will supervise the agricultural estates assigned to the management of the President of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries.

For some of the land on a portion of Sir Neville Cunliffe's estate, offered at Wrexham by Messrs. Frank Lloyd and Sons, prices ranged above £120 an acre. A couple of farms, together extending to 60 acres, realised £5,475. Chorley Place with 64 acres, submitted at Lichfield by Messrs. Winterton and Sons, has been sold since its withdrawal, when bidding had reached the sum of £3,350.

Miss Kate Greenaway's house at Frogna, Hampstead Heath, designed by Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., has been privately sold by Messrs. Weatherall and Green to a client of Messrs. Saunders and Sons. The firm has also effected many other sales in the last few days, including 350 acres at Maidenhead, and land at Winkfield.

Jointly with Messrs. Powell and Co., Messrs. Hampton and Sons have disposed of the Georgian house and 350 acres, known as Heathfield Park, with other lands, the total area being nearly 840 acres. Residences with good grounds at Wimbledon and Chislehurst, and a town house in Great Cumberland Place, are also included in their recent transactions. The sale of a freehold in Kensington Court, already reported in these columns, was to a client of Messrs. Giddy and Giddy, whose own sales of town houses lately have amounted to roundly £60,000, among them having been houses at Frogna, West Heath

Lodge, Hampstead, and one of the fine Willett-built residences in Avenue Road, Regent's Park. Two Hove freeholds have been sold by Messrs. Jenner and Dell, No. 1, Queen's Gardens, on the front, for £5,200, and club premises in New Church Road for £2,125.

Realisations at Messrs. Barber and Son's sale, at Market Drayton, of the Childs Ercall estate, exceeded £98,000, the area sold being about 2,100 acres. The Georgian house at Bewdley, Worcestershire, known as Redthorne, built about the year 1760, fetched £1,000. Messrs. Walter Ludlow and Briscoe were the agents. The house is decorated in the Adam style, and has an old walled garden and grounds of over an acre.

Sir Hamilton Hilse intends to dispose of the outlying portion of Breamore, the New Forest estate, early next year. The agents are Messrs. Woolley and Wallis. Most of the land lies around Fordingbridge and has rights in the New Forest, and its agricultural and sporting qualities are deservedly held in high repute.

The Little Leigh estate, Cheshire, 1,200 acres, with a rent-roll of £2,200 a year, including practically all the village of Little Leigh, will be offered, at Crewe on Wednesday next, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, on behalf of Lord Leigh.

South Wales freeholds, on the Hay estate, 1,026 acres, have been sold at Brecon by Messrs. Stephenson and Alexander for £23,000. The Hempstead estate, Essex, 967 acres, submitted at Saffron Walden by Mr. H. J. Cheffins, realised £21,540, and at Huntingdon Messrs. Dilley, Son and Read disposed of 385 acres, situated at Godmanchester, for £9,770, and 28 acres of pasture in Ellington for £2,275. Further sales of Suffolk farms have been carried out by Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co., among them 126 acres at Brettenham for £1,950. Small holdings were in demand at Messrs. Escritt and Barrell's auction at Grantham, and the lots also included Kirton Wood, Humby, 74 acres, for £5,700, and Elliott's Wood, 28 acres, at Corby Birkholme, £1,250. Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock have sold 43 acres at Rugby to the Rugby Land Society for £9,207, inclusive of timber, £107, and a smaller lot was also acquired by the same buyers.

Yarner and other South Devon property, belonging to Sir Harry T. Eve, will be offered at Newton Abbot next Monday by Messrs. Rendell and Sawdye. The following day, at Sparkford, Messrs. Wainwright and Heard are selling Sparkford Hall, a country house with park of 35 acres, and about 500 acres, chiefly dairy land, in the heart of the Blackmore Vale Hunt, a few miles from Yeovil and Sherborne. On Thursday next, at Bletchley, Messrs. Collins and Collins will sell outlying parts of the Whaddon Hall estate, of 2,584 acres, including fifteen farms, ranging from 50 acres to 330 acres, close to Winslow. Other landed properties to be dealt with next week are Snittlegarth, 2,800 acres, in Cumberland, by Messrs. Millar, Son and Co. at Wigton on Tuesday, Derbyshire estates at Bakewell on Thursday and Friday by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, and Gloucestershire residential property by Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co. at Gloucester on Saturday.

One of the chief objects of the recently passed Tithe Act is to facilitate and encourage the redemption of tithe rent charge and corn rents. The new Act provides that the amount of the consideration money payable on redemption may, under certain conditions, be agreed between the titheowner and the landowner, and, failing such agreements, may be determined by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. According to the method of calculation prescribed by the Act for cases in which the Board determine the amount, the consideration money for redemption at the present time, in an average case, is approximately eighteen and a half years' purchase of tithe rent charge attached to a benefice, and sixteen and three-quarter years' purchase of other tithe rent charge.

Mr. Walter Long, speaking at Swindon on Monday, said that he had been criticised for advocating a revival of bee-keeping, and he had been asked "what he was doing with his 15,000 acres?" The suggestion was misleading, for he had no such area of land. Some years ago he had, but his son and himself decided that the estate should be broken up, and that the tenants should be given an opportunity to purchase. His son and himself deliberately declined an offer from a syndicate, thereby sacrificing £20,000. The property was sold to the tenants, and almost without exception the men who were their tenants were now the owners of the farms. ARBITER.

CORRESPONDENCE

AN ALTERNATIVE HOUSING POLICY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read your article in the issue of December 7th on your housing policy with a great deal of sympathy. The scheme there suggested would certainly achieve more than the Government scheme which obviously has broken down, in that it is not producing enough houses. But need there be only one scheme? I should like you to consider the following alternative; it is the suggestion of Mr. Henry Vivian, the creator and manager of Co-partnership Tenants Limited, which has supervised an expenditure of £1,700,000 on the very type of development that is in question. Mr. Vivian's line of reasoning is as follows: What is it we want? Living accommodation. When we wanted more wheat, how did we set to work? The State did not offer to bear a proportion of the working costs; it offered a guaranteed price, in other words, a bounty on production. Why not apply the same method to housing? Living accommodation is what is wanted now; therefore offer a bounty on the production of living accommodation, measured by cubic contents or floor space. The amount of the bounty would be settled by some such method as the following: The cost of building before the war on an all-round average was 6d. per cubic foot; to-day it is not less than 10d.; eventually it will probably drop back to 8d. per cubic foot. Therefore the State should offer a bounty of 2d. per cubic foot (or the comparative standard in terms of floor space) on all cottages built within a certain time. Observe the advantages of such an offer:

(1) There could be no doubt as to what the offer really was and no dispute as to the amount earned. (2) As the subsidy would depend on the production of the article needed and not on its cost, the efforts of all would be concentrated on economy, so as to make a given amount of capital go as far as possible and earn as large a subsidy as possible. (3) A subsidy in this form could be earned by all builders whose plans conformed to the requirements of the State. (4) There would be no checking of costs by Government accountants and no elaborate book-keeping extending over seven years. (5) As building in the country is cheaper than in a town, a flat rate of 2d. per cubic foot would operate as an inducement to build first in the country where the need is greatest.

The plan here outlined commends itself by its great logical simplicity. The Treasury might object on the ground that they would be committed to an unknown expenditure. My answer to that would be that whereas it would be easy to estimate correctly to within a narrow margin the amount of building that could be erected within the succeeding twelve months, there is far greater uncertainty in the Government scheme by which the contribution of the Treasury depends on the fall in the cost of building seven years hence. The latter can only be guesswork; the former is limited by the amount of accommodation that could be produced with the materials within sight. An objection that will be more widely raised is that the subsidy will be earned by private builders. Why not, if they build what is wanted at a loss? The subsidy would only be earned in the case of houses that conformed to the requirements of the Government, and if private builders conform to these requirements, why should they not be just as much entitled to the subsidy as a local authority? This is a timid political objection and it should not be allowed to deprive us of the houses we need. From the Treasury point of view, then, Mr. Vivian's scheme has these merits as against the Government scheme; less uncertainty as to the ultimate amount involved; the elimination of a host of Government officials, and the assurance that the assistance would be granted in the form that would enable it to do most good. I could wish that the claims of the General Election had left Mr. Vivian free to put forward his own views himself. Obviously the amount of the subsidy here suggested, 2d., is not of the essence of the scheme. Some figure had to be used as an illustration. It does not affect the principle. The principle is that a block grant should be given in return for so much floor space. Any builder who came in on these terms would do so with his eyes open, knowing that the actual subsidy offered might turn out too small or too large. On the other hand, he would feel free, and I am convinced that if the Government offered assistance on these lines as an alternative to their own scheme, it would be widely taken advantage of.—GREY.

THE PEOPLE AND THE PLACES THAT M. ROSTAND LOVED: M. ROSTAND DIED IN PARIS, DECEMBER 2ND, 1918.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It was my good fortune a few years ago to spend some time at Cambo,



CAMBO, WHERE M. ROSTAND BUILT HIMSELF
A CHATEAU.

where, from a wide choice, M. Rostand elected to build the charming modern chateau, Etchegorria, which is one of the sights that every tourist must needs see. Paris may have been, and probably was, the hub of the dramatist's intellectual activities, but in his hours of leisure it was to this sleepy little village that nestles in the very heart of the Basses-Pyrénées that his soul turned for rest and relaxation. Small wonder that it was so, for it is an enchanted line of country that stretches from Bayonne to St. Jean Pied de Port. The Nive, narrow in places and turbulent where its bed is rocky, runs through it, banked now by fertile fields, now by precipitous rocks, among the boulders of which eagles have their nests, and, again, as richly wooded as are the banks of our Wye. Almost surrounded by the rugged ridges of the Lower Pyrénées it lies sheltered, but from the north come the invigorating breezes from the Bay of Biscay. Dotted here and there on the lower slopes are the little typical French farmsteads decking the hillsides with a wealth of colour and growth. The streets are avenues of oaks and planes, and it wants but the slowly moving oxen with their burdens and tinkling bells and their slowly moving drivers as a final touch to the pastoral beauty of the place. Cambo possesses a factory, but only one, and the departure is perhaps too easily condoned. No one better than the tourist in the Basque Country can testify to the excellence of "Fagalde" chocolates! And the Fagalde factory is a picturesque little building on the height of Cambo overlooking the Valley of the Nive. In a word, Cambo is essentially a place wherein to while away one's leisure—a place, as Whitman puts it, "where one can loaf and invite his soul." Its people are a people to be studied and admired—a strange mixture of superstition and strict conformity to religious ideals, with a pride that repels familiarity, and an infectious gaiety, sober and pure. They point out with justifiable pride that the poet and dramatist, M. Edmond Rostand (twice blessed since he was both a genius and rich), conceived in their midst his "Cyrano de Bergerac," the play that made him famous; but they take care to add that it was after the achievement of his masterpiece, "Chanticleer," that the beautiful modern "Etchegorria," with its distinctions of French architecture—colonnades, loggias and balconies—was built. To-day in the towns and cities of France tribute will be paid to M. Edmond Rostand, but in no place will the homage be more sincere or the shadow of his death fall more deeply than in the tranquil little town among the Basses-Pyrénées which has so often brightened at his coming.—ELIZABETH KIRK.

CURIOUS BRIDGE DESIGNING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose herewith a photograph of a quaint old bridge, so great a departure from the usual mode of bridge building that it may be of



A BRIDGE WITH TRIANGULAR ARCH.

interest to your readers. It spans one of the smaller tributaries of the Beas River, near Mandi City. Its peculiarity lies in the fact that its arch, instead of being semi-circular, takes the form of a right-angled triangle, the angle at the apex being slightly rounded off. Maybe when the bridge was constructed the local builders were unacquainted with the ordinary form of arch and evolved this design in its place. But the fact remains that their architecture has stood the test of time, for the bridge is said to have been built more than two centuries ago, and although normally the stream it spans is little more than a trickle, yet after heavy rain it becomes a roaring torrent, which would have long ago carried away anything less substantially built.—H. L. W.

A BADGER ON THE LAWN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to "G. J.'s" letter with reference to "A Badger on the Lawn," I should say the badger is possibly digging for earth-worms, of which he is fond; but as these worms would be lying out on the turf after dark, and particularly after or during rain, he would not have to dig for them. It may be some kind of grub or the roots of a plant that he is in search of. My tame badger often after nightfall hunts over the lawn and picks up and devours lob-worms as he walks slowly along with nose to the ground. The game-keeper is the badger's chief enemy, who exaggerates his faults and classes him as "vermin," giving him a bad name he does not deserve. Considering the damage to game by rooks, crows, jackdaws, stoats, cats and foxes, the badger is a comparatively harmless animal. "G. J.'s" badger is in any case doing more good than harm (with the exception of a little damage to the turf), and it is to be hoped he will not be trapped and killed, or, if caught, that his life will be spared.—C. McNIVEN



THE FLOATING BULWARK OF OUR ISLAND.

A NAVAL PICTURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of part of the Second Battle Squadron which, apart from the general interest of the subject, makes, I think, a rather pretty picture. The ships shown in silhouette reading from left—your own left—to right, are the *Thunderer*, the *Conqueror*, the *Monarch*, and the *Orion*.—R. K.

VILLAGE WAR MEMORIALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent "W. B.'s" letter raises a very interesting matter. The question of village memorials will certainly require care and thought, and several points will naturally arise which will need settling. First it must be definitely decided whether the memorial to the fallen should be purely utilitarian or simply decorative. If the former, there are many ways in which it might take shape. If funds allow, a hall or club for meetings and recreation and as a centre for social life and interests; a cottage hospital or convalescent home; almshouses or homes for the widows and parents of the dead, and so on; and, if money is limited, a bowling green and skittle alley with pavilion as a means of getting all classes together; a fountain and drinking trough, if there is a water supply, or even trees and seats; and if only a visible commemorative memorial is proposed, then some form of village cross or obelisk. Perhaps the church is the best place for a memorial in the form of a wall tablet with the names of all the fallen inscribed upon it. This would be better than isolated memorials to various individuals, and would emphasise the community of sacrifice of rich and poor alike. To some extent there seems a prejudice against the memorial being in the church and a feeling that it should take the form of something visible in the village; but, after all, it resolves itself into the simple question of the best solution of local circumstances and wishes.—E. GUY DAWBER.

LEAF CARTING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A valuable harvest, gathered in November, is that of the fallen leaves—birch, beech, oak and chestnut. We built a bin in the rubbish yard on purpose to hold them; the sides are of post and rail, with rough slabs nailed on; the back, which does not show, is a thick wall of concrete; it would have been better all concrete, but the slab wall is less unsightly. The front is open for easy access. It is about eighteen feet long by ten feet, front and back. Last year's leaves, now partly rotted, are stacked up together and fill rather less than half; the rest of the space is being filled up with the freshly fallen leaves. For this and fern-carting an extra frame goes on the top of Sheltie's little garden cart. Besides the leaves that go into the bin there is a brick pit with a brick walled area nearly three feet deep all round that is also filled with them. They are capital for warming such a pit, as they give a long-continued gentle heat. I knew an old woman, one of the good old country sort, who managed a little farm. She had some pigsties with a 4½ in. wall at the back, and she put up a row of old wattle hurdles about

three feet away from the back of the lodging and filled up the space with oak leaves, so making the pigs' sleeping place sensibly warmer.—G. J.

STONE IN A TREE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Old sawyers used to consider it a piece of good luck to find a "Pixie's Heart"—a pebble sometimes found in old oak trees—and it would be treasured as a talisman. Rather a pretty idea that the fairies should so hide their hearts. The sentiment is almost forgotten with the old bob saws and pits displaced by the whirling modern machines.—PLANTAGENET.

THE WEIGHTS OF PEDIGREE PIGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Following on my recent letter as to the average weights of my pedigree pigs at twelve weeks old, I thought the table given below showing the number of good pedigree Large Black pigs reared to twelve weeks, and the number in percentage either killed or which died before twelve weeks might prove of interest. I do not as a rule let a sow bring up more than ten pigs and I eliminate any bad ones early so as to reduce the strain on the sow. I hope other breeders will give their tables of results, as comparisons in such matters are so educational.

Percentage not reared.					
February	10.6	..	= 39 out of 375
March	16.4	..	= 60 " " 365
April	30.3	..	= 49 " " 165
May	13.2	..	= 34 " " 265
June	18.6	..	= 39 " " 215
July	21.9	..	= 34 " " 160
August	None killed or died	..	" " 85

The much higher percentage in April was due to change of herdsman and consequently some little alteration in the usual routine.—S. F. EDGE.

PEACE IN 1801.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would this old family letter, dated 1801, be of interest? "We mean to have a jolly day to-morrow, we depend upon it, that the news of Bonaparte signing the Preliminaries will be down to-morrow. And if so, we illuminate, we feast, we dance, and make ourselves as merry as we can. Never I believe were there so many happy faces in Honiton at one time, as last Saturday evening. The first news was by the Clarence Coach, but so totally unexpected was it, so entirely impossible was it deemed to be true, that no one passed any regard. However the Populace went out to meet the Mail, which presently afterwards came down laden with laurels; and the Guard as a Signal of its truth fired his Pistol; after which such shouting and hallooing, and in short such frantic joy I have not seen I believe ever before." Much rejoicing over what proved a short-lived peace!—ALICE HUGHES.



GATHERING THE NOVEMBER HARVEST.



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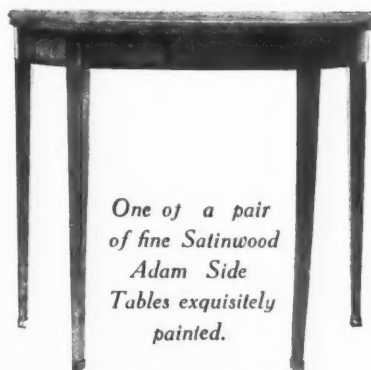
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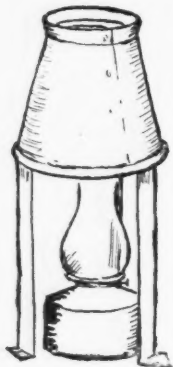
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FOR THE UNHEATED GREENHOUSE IN FROSTY WEATHER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We continually get enquiries in reference to a heater for greenhouses—"The Unheated Greenhouse." We have now no heater for this purpose, having disposed of the patent grant twenty years ago, and the firm which bought it is not now in existence. In answering correspondents it would save trouble if this were known. When we get enquiries we usually recommend the writers to procure a large galvanised bucket, turn it upside down, have three legs fitted to the rim, and place a lamp underneath. This will answer the same purpose as the original heater and is simple. The legs should be long enough to allow the lamp chimney to pass under the rim of the bucket, as in this sketch.—SIDNEY J. GILLINGHAM.



NOVEL GREENHOUSE HEATER.

careful of the farmers, by "moving about" the stooks and "opening out" the sheaves during the stormy, showery weather, had succeeded in saving a portion, but it was only a very small quantity of the whole. The yield had been extraordinarily good, and it seemed to me that if the farmers had adopted the Australian method and used a "stripper" they would have saved the corn. (A "stripper" is a machine that simply cuts off all the heads of corn.) Of course, after using the "stripper" the straw would have been more or less laid by the passing of the machine, and would have to be harvested with a scythe, but it would have been better to have garnered the corn even at the expense of losing the straw. The heads of corn when cut by a "stripper" can be spread in thick layers over the barn floor and dried before threshing.—AUSTRALIAN.

A FARMYARD SCENE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You published a little time ago some photographs of pigs. Perhaps



YOUNG PIGS IN A KENTISH FARMYARD.

this one, taken in a Kentish farmyard, will be pretty enough—pigs can look pretty to a farmer's eye—to merit reproduction.—H.

MOTOR MANUFACTURERS AND THE COLONIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A few months ago a friend who is farming in one of our Colonies asked me to get him prices and particulars of a motor suitable for ploughing. I then wrote to two firms who advertised giving them all his requirements. One on which he laid great stress was that spare parts should be obtainable largely, in case of breakage, from any one of the large towns in the Colony. The reply that I received was most discouraging, and no hope was held out, even after the war was over, of supplying. I am writing this in the hope that if you would kindly insert it in your columns it would meet the eye of a maker, who would entertain opening an agency, as from a residence of sixteen years in this Colony I am sure that there is a large field for this class of goods to be exploited. I should be glad to supply any information in my power to anyone who is desirous of doing business, but it must be done quickly, as the Americans will get in, and then it will be difficult with the energy they put in to compete. I give you my name and address, but not for publication, and sign myself—COLONIST.

A LARGE "CHARM" OF GOLDFINCHES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Recently I was crossing a common not far from London and noticed a number of goldfinches. Taking Richard Jefferies' advice—"Rest again by the furze, and some goldfinches come calling shrilly and feasting undisturbed upon the seeds of thistles and other plants"—I kept out of sight and watched. Eventually I counted 25 to 30 of the handsome little birds. It was a sweetly pretty sight to see them thrusting their slender bills into the prickly

covers to obtain the delicate thistle-seeds. It is pleasant to think that, owing to legislation, the bird is now on the increase, especially so on places like this common, where, as Jefferies says: "The bird-catcher does not venture so far; he would if there was a rail near, but he is a lazy fellow, fortunately, and likes not the weight of his own nets."—T. P. G. [Our correspondent in the title of his letter uses an ancient word in an interesting manner. In the "Book of St. Albans" (1486) we find "A Cherme of Goldefynches," and the word, sometimes "chirm," though obsolete now, was once the exact expression of a flock of finches.—ED.]

THE WEDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This photograph shows an interesting method of fishing, practised in Assam and Bengal. Shallow rivers are dammed with poles and thorny



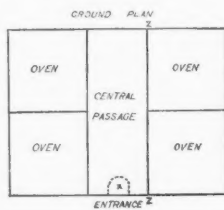
ONE METHOD OF CATCHING FISH.

bushes, and the current carries the fish down to the net placed at the apex of the wedge. This is drawn up at intervals for examination of the catch.—B. GASPER.

A VISIT TO AN EGYPTIAN EGG-OVEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I thought you might care for a brief description of an Egyptian egg-oven by one who has been privileged to pay a visit to one of these interesting incubators. The egg-oven in question belongs to a Copt named Askulla, and is situated in a small village about thirty miles north of Aswan. There is usually considerable difficulty in persuading an owner of a "mamul el firahik" (or egg-oven) to show a foreigner, or even an Egyptian, over one of these primitive incubators, though they are quite numerous and are found throughout the Nile Valley from Alexandria to Aswan. The secret of their structure and management is carefully guarded. The hatching of chickens by this method is an important industry. It is almost entirely in the hands of the Copts, who make quite a mystery of the whole process. The ovens are worked only from February to May each year. The one visited consisted of four hatching chambers, each of these chambers, about 4yds. by 4yds., being capable of holding up to 6,000 eggs at a time, and accommodating each season about 180,000 eggs. When the eggs are first put in the hatching chamber they are often piled up four or five deep, but are afterwards spread out in a single layer, this never later than the tenth day. The eggs are turned three times daily. On the fourth or fifth day they are tested, and all the infertile ones are taken out and sold for human consumption. The testing is done in the upper chamber, which is dark, each egg being held up in a ray of sunlight, which comes through a hole in the domed roof made for this purpose. Usually a quarter to one-third of the eggs prove infertile. It is said that very few which are left in after this first testing fail to hatch. The temperature is regulated by manipulating the fire (often the fire is allowed to go out for a few hours) twice each day and by regulating the ventilation. Testing is by the hand and by placing the eggs on the eyelid. A thermometer seemed to be quite unknown and apparently unnecessary. No artificial moisture is provided; no pans of water were found in either the upper or lower chamber, neither are the eggs ever sprinkled with water.—B.



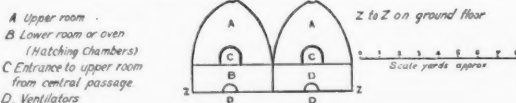
PLAN OF UPPER CHAMBER

Floor under E.E. This one inch. Do under GG Thick and supported by two arches of mud bricks.

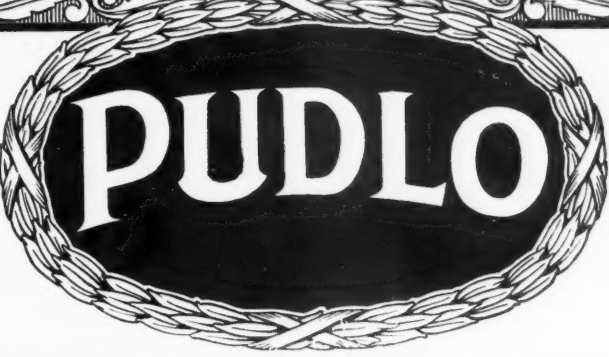


E. Trough for fire. F. Entrance to Oven. G. Floor of mud bricks. H. Entrance from Central Passage.

ELEVATION SHOWING ENTRANCE TO UPPER ROOM FROM CENTRAL PASSAGE



PLAN OF AN EGYPTIAN EGG OVEN.



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THE NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—“To link together all those who are interested in agriculture, whether they be landlords, farmers, workers or trades,” is the object of a new movement which has been launched at Exeter and named the National Agricultural Association. Such an association, incorporating all, up and down the countryside, who are directly or indirectly connected with agriculture, should help in a very large measure to secure the future well-being of the industry. This idea of a united rural community was the outcome of various conversations between representatives of the Farmers' Union and the Workers' Union. The excellent spirit shown at these conferences encouraged the promoters to go a step farther, with the result that the new Association was formed on comprehensive and progressive lines. The Association is to support everything that will bring agriculture into its rightful position in national life, and will, in addition, provide means for improving the social, moral and educational aspects of rural life. Steps are now being taken to nationalise what was in its inception a purely local movement. Without a doubt it is an idea full of great possibilities.—G. P. MICHELL.

“I SOWED MY GARDEN FULL OF SEEDS.”

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I also remember the rhyme quoted by “An Appreciative Reader” in your beautiful Christmas Number, and can endorse the statement that it conveyed a sense of mystery to the youthful mind. It was recited to me about

the year 1878 by a girl who came from a village on the Northamptonshire-Buckinghamshire border, and I have sought for it in vain in collections of nursery rhymes.—MAUD GLYN.

THE PICTURES AT WROTHAM PARK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Dr. Borenus in his interesting article on the pictures at Wrotham Park, mentions in connection with the “Interior,” by Abel Grimmer, which he illustrates, that only the galleries at Antwerp, Brussels and Budapest possess authenticated examples by that master in addition to the picture at Wrotham. Abel Grimmer's work is scarce, but not quite so scarce as this, and I think there may be some confusion between his work and that of his father, Jacob Grimmer. For the three galleries quoted by Dr. Borenus do contain pictures by or attributed to the father, though the Brussels “St. Eustace” is unsigned and probably by another hand. There is nothing by Abel Grimmer in Budapest, but signed works by Abel, besides those in Antwerp and Brussels, include a “Tower of Babel,” dated 1591, which occurred in a recent sale, and a “Peasants Dancing,” dated 1609, in a well known British collection, both founded on Peter Breughel. Besides these four or five other pictures may be attributed to him with some confidence.—ROBERT C. WITT.

[The latest published information concerning Abel Grimmer is to the effect stated in the article; vide A. V. Wurzbach's *Dictionary of Netherlandish Artists*, Vol. I and Supplement *ad litt.* Mr. Witt is no doubt right in correcting and supplementing it.—ED.]

TURF, STUD AND STABLE

CHARLES MORTON, who as trainer was associated with all Mr. J. B. Joel's brilliant successes on the Turf, will not at once resume training for his old patron. The excellent reason is that after a four years' absence Morton does not find his “house” quite in order at Wantage, and as Mr. Joel had only four yearlings to put into training he has expressed a wish to wait until the 1919 yearlings are ready for the training stable. The four yearlings have, therefore, been sent to Sam Loates at Newmarket, who has charge of Mr. S. B. Joel's considerable string of racehorses. One of the four is a beautiful filly by Black Jester from Princess Dorrie, and her owner has, it is said, been heard to say that he would win the Oaks of 1920 with her. There is something to be said in favour of an early tip. Often in racing, second thoughts are not always proved best!

It will be in 1920 that Mr. J. B. Joel will resume active participation in racing on a really big scale. One knows so much from the fact that at the moment he has no fewer than thirty-eight foals—twenty fillies and eighteen colts—awaiting the time when they will be ready for the trainer. I have seen most of each season's crop of foals at this famous stud, but I do not recollect any year when they have been more impressive than this time. Especially am I struck now by the excellence of the Prince Palatine youngsters. Will Mr. Joel have cause to regret selling this sire to the French, as he had after disposing of Sundridge some years ago? It may be so if these foals should bear out their remarkable promise. I have in mind a bay colt by Prince Palatine from Unwise, by Dreamy (dam of War Cloud, who has done so well in America this year); a colt out of My Dolly; one out of Dolly Varden; and a brown filly out of Mirida, by Symington. Then there are some charming Sunstars and Black Jesters. I wonder what the fine chestnut filly by Sunstar out of Fringilla (dam of Red Finch, etc.), the bay filly out of Sweet Finch (dam of Star Hawk); the big, shapely brown filly by Sunstar out of Bequine, and the daughters of Carnea, Waterwillow and Fair Lassie may be destined to do when they are introduced to racing in 1920. Princess Dorrie, who won the Oaks, has a brown colt by Black Jester, worthy in every way of his classic lineage; and there is no more impressive foal than the black filly by Black Jester from Verne. The only possible fault to be found with her is her colour. There have been so few great black horses in history! St. Olive has a brown filly by Black Jester, and Polymelus is represented by a chestnut colt from the Oaks winner Jest, while Bright, who was racing in comparatively recent times, has a wonderfully fine daughter by Black Jester.

Of course they have all been weaned for some time and are now doing well. The sight of them made me wonder what fabulous sum would be realised were the Childwickbury Stud to be dispersed at public auction. There would be Sunstar and Black Jester as stallions, each representing a fortune; a long list of wonderful mares, all with good credentials or they would not be at this stud; and then these thirty-eight foals. Well, if The Panther, who only won a couple of races, is valued at £40,000 at two years of age, what shall we say for Sunstar, who won the Two Thousand Guineas, Newmarket Stakes and Derby, apart from his two year old successes, who has got high-class winners, and who easily commands a 300-guinea fee at ten years of age with some years of distinguished service in front of him? What shall we say for Black Jester, a classic winner and a sire of impressive performance, lineage and appearance, whose success as a sire is as certain as I write this? You have only to think of the 215,000 odd guineas realised at the Newmarket Sales last week to gain some vague idea of what would be forthcoming for the famous Childwickbury mares in foal to Sunstar, Black

Jester and others of note. Compare the late Lord Falmouth's mares with the best of the Childwickbury mares. I know which I would prefer on deeds done alone, and that is why I like to indulge in harmless but amusing conjectures on what the whole lot would fetch were they to be offered for sale at public auction. Future budgets would have no terrors for me were I their vendor!

I have already commented on the remarkable total realised by the sales at Newmarket last week. Readers of these notes are well aware how convinced I have been of the prosperous times in store for thoroughbred horse breeding and racing. These sales most amply confirm my powers of prophetic vision. The average price of between three and four hundred guineas is really wonderful when we consider the “given-away” prices of what the candid critic of the ringside describes as “rubbish.” Assuredly the ill-bred, unsuccessful stock is hard to get rid of at any price, and yet some misguided people insist on breeding from animals whose only recommendation is that they are cheap. But why are they cheap? Because they have done nothing of note as racehorses and because they have been put to sires whose fees are in accordance with their lack of distinction both as regards performances and breeding. Some breeders are slaves to the notion that they can get winners because they believe their interpretation of Stud Book object-lessons is the only right one. They cling to the theory that what they like to call “make and shape” and relationships to distinguished winners must produce winners. They abhor what is called fashion, and so they proceed on independent lines and meet with loss, financial and moral. Fashion in breeding is so lamentably misunderstood. The idea that it means slavish devotion to a fixed standard of policy is, of course, ridiculous. What I take to be fashion is accepting the inferences that success is to be expected from those sources which year after year keep on yielding the desired results. The racecourse tells you the winning strains of blood, and the man who will not follow the theory is neither progressive nor enterprising. Every breeder cannot expect to secure the services of a Polymelus, a Sunstar, a Tetrarch, or a Tracery. So much is obvious, but he should at all times bear in mind the tremendous influence of the mare and see to it that the winner-producing mare, which was a winner herself and the daughter of a winner, is given the best possible opportunity by mating with winner-producing stallions which were themselves winners of note on the racecourses. Such, I think, was the lesson of last week's sales, and it will always be emphasised. Racing and stud credentials influenced prices to an astonishing degree. They are the only credentials that count, and therefore the only ones that matter.

Lord D'Abernon is to be congratulated on his courageous address at the recent annual meeting at Newmarket of the Thoroughbred Breeders' Association. He is the President of this Association, which is all out for reform in English racing, and I earnestly hope he will not leave his self-imposed, and by no means simple, task now that he has assumed it. Lord D'Abernon has a large following which is growing in influence, and it will help him to overcome opposition and obstruction. The time will come when the demands of owners for cheaper racing and more substantial stakes must be conceded, and one cannot believe that the Jockey Club will prefer to maintain an attitude of aloofness and inaction. My solution of the reforms advocated by Lord D'Abernon is the introduction of the Pari-Mutuel system of betting on racecourses; indeed, I know of no other solution, and I believe it is the one which he has in mind and is fully prepared to exploit in the common interests of breeders, owners, and the general welfare of the thoroughbred horse.

PHILLIPPOS.